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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

FOR a highly placed civil servant publicly to expose the complete failure of the Government machine to meet a critical situation is a rare, if not an unprecedented, event. Mr. Eady, Administrative Chief of the A.R.P. Department of the Home Office, was certainly outspoken. He described the A.R.P. regulations as "perhaps the sloppiest ever produced by any Government Department." But his most significant comment, borne out by A.R.P. officers in the discussion that followed, was that "people who are known as the governing classes of this country have, broadly speaking, done very little to help local authorities' A.R.P." Most of the personnel ready to help were "the industrial workpeople of the country." The answer would seem to be that since our ruling class has lost its sense of responsibility and is only thinking of its own comfort, we need a Government which truly represents the desires of the mass of the people who are looking for a leadership they can trust.

Japanese Victories

The fall of Canton last week confounded the prophets. The city was obviously in grave danger; but few expected so sudden a collapse of the defences, and the suggested explanations for it are at present mere speculations. Immediately following this has come the fall of Hankow, with the flight of Chiang Kai-shek (to Chunking, according to the reports), and the minor incident of the bombing of a British gunboat, which has led to the usual protest and the usual Japanese "investigations." The importance to the Japanese of these two spectacular captures is immense, but it cannot yet be regarded as decisive. Their victory in each case is something like Napoleon's at Moscow; the Chinese before they left did their best to destroy both Canton and Hankow by dynamite and fire. We have yet to learn the full tale of the loss of life and of the misery to which myriads of innocent people have been reduced. But there is no evidence that China is conquered. Though the Japanese armies are in occupation of large areas of the country, it is a precarious occupation. Puppet Governments may be set up here and there, but they will be no bulwark against the Chinese guerillas, nor will they easily placate the millions of the Chinese people in whom the savagery of the invaders has bred a deep and bitter hatred. The peace kites flown from Tokio hint at the old terms—a China "co-operating" with Japan, or, in plain words, taking its orders from, and for the benefit of, Japan.

Nazi Claims

Unrest and demonstrations among the Germans in Memel suggest that it may not be long before Hitler

recovers another slice of territory for the Reich. It is denied, however, that Berlin is putting any pressure on the Lithuanian Government—as yet. When it does, there will not, of course, be a European war over Memel. Meanwhile the agitation for the return of the colonies is steadily working up. What exactly the Führer is going to demand in Africa or elsewhere, we do not know. At present the Nazi press is talking mainly in general terms about "justice," and suggesting that it is for other people to take the initiative in making proposals. It is an awkward position for Mr. Chamberlain, with Herr Hitler waiting to be "appeased" on the one side, and on the other his own party and the British Empire—Dominions and Colonies alike—crying "Hands off." One of the possible bargains that is being canvassed is the presentation to Germany of an area in West Africa composed of chunks of Belgian and Portuguese colonies—Belgium and Portugal being "compensated" somehow and by somebody! It may come to this, or worse, if Hitler presses hard enough. But we hope that if Nazi Germany is to be given colonies we shall have no cant about its "equity." There is the strongest case for putting all colonies under an international regime, in trusteeship, first and foremost, for the Natives. There is no "moral" case for handing over millions of coloured people to the exclusive mastership of a State obsessed with a false and cruel theory of racialism and in reality coveting possessions in Africa mainly for strategic purposes.

The Mopping Up of Czechoslovakia

The break up of the Communist Party and the withdrawal of the Czech Trade Unions from the International Federation are indications of the sort of independence Czechoslovakia is going to enjoy. The behaviour of the German troops in the country has, by all accounts, been good; but Himmler's secret police, with the assistance of Sudeten Nazis, are acting up to their worst traditions. Meanwhile statistics published in last Saturday's *Daily Telegraph* show conclusively that in the one district of Moravia Herr Hitler has taken, with the consent of the International Commission, territory containing only 25,600 Germans to 170,000 Czechs. The plight of numbers of these, and of others who are now refugees from the terror is appalling, as many letters which we are receiving from Czechoslovakia show only too clearly. Ruthenia's fate is not yet settled. The recently appointed Ruthenian Premier resigned on Wednesday in protest against the Hungarian claims; but this is not likely to prevent the greater part of those claims being conceded. Mussolini has backed the Polish-Hungarian demand for the establishment of a common frontier by the inclusion of the whole of this district—despite every ethnographic consideration—within the boundaries of Hungary. Germany would prefer a federal state comprising Czechs, Slovaks and Ruthenians, which might be used as a jumping-off ground for an adventure in the Ukraine. Which of the two plans will be adopted is still uncertain; but the discussions in Rome between Herr von Ribbentrop and Count Ciano are expected to bring about a decision.

The Problem of Palestine

Palestine has been a little quieter, on the surface at least, during the past week. The British troops had no great difficulty in clearing Jerusalem, and they are now engaged in policing the country as a whole. But this does not mean that the need for a political settlement is any less urgent. The Woodhead Commission's Report is not yet published; but it is before the Cabinet, and we shall presumably have an announcement of policy very shortly. It is generally expected that the policy will be to maintain the Mandate and to aim at establishing a regime of collaboration between Arabs and Jews in a unified Palestine. Such a plan, when the details appear, must evidently fall short of the extremer demands alike of Arab Nationalists and of Zionists. But no solution can satisfy both, and it is simply not practical politics, even apart from the conflict of principles involved in the matter, either to wash our hands of the Jews or to dismiss the Arabs' case as a mere ramp worked up by the Mufti and German and Italian intrigues. It is easy for idealistic champions of either side, here or in Palestine—or in the United States—to say "Let justice be done and the heavens fall!" But where in fact does justice lie in this imbroglio? And on whom will the heavens fall? It is not true, we are told, that the U.S. Government have any desire to take over the Palestine mandates. We wish they had! But in the circumstances it is to be hoped that America will not make Great Britain's hard task any harder.

African Farmers and European Capitalists

A year or so ago the Native cocoa farmers in West Africa rose in protest against a buying agreement or pool of the exporting firms. They refused to sell their cocoa to the European exporters and they boycotted goods from Europe. A Commission was eventually sent out to the Gold Coast by the Colonial Secretary, and has now issued a full and impressive report. It condemns the buying agreements entered into by twelve out of the thirteen European firms who buy practically the whole crop, and one of whom alone buys about half of it. (The only big concern not in the pool, it may be noted, was the British Co-operative Wholesale Society.) These firms acted legally, but, in the Commission's judgment, unwisely and improperly, and "the hold-up, though supported by various illegal forms of pressure, began and remained an essentially popular movement. It arose chiefly out of the Africans' fear of monopoly, intensified by the suddenness with which the Agreement was introduced, by a lack of frankness about its provisions, and by a fall in prices that occurred simultaneously with though not as a result of it." The Commission blames the Colonial Secretary (Mr. Ormesby Gore) for supporting the agreements; it finds no fault with the Gold Coast Government, whose views—which were not invited by the Colonial Office—were hostile to them. These agreements, it is recommended, should be withdrawn; and a number of proposals are made for improving the present unsatisfactory conditions of cocoa marketing. No time ought to be lost in applying the right remedies. And meanwhile we welcome this Report as evidence of the genuine desire to see that Native producers shall get a square deal from European capitalists.

Municipal Elections

Even if the National Labour Party were not this year making a special municipal drive, national issues would predominate in the elections next Tuesday. For some time it has been the policy of the Government simultaneously to impose an increased burden of social services

upon the local authorities and to upbraid them for their extravagance. This has put Tory councils in an awkward position, while it has enabled Labour majorities to throw the responsibility for rate increases upon the central Government, and to reiterate their complaints of the injustice of derating. Such issues will, however, be overshadowed by the recent crisis. The Tories are trying to cash in on the relief that war was averted. But even Tory gratitude to Mr. Chamberlain may be tempered by the enormous bills for emergency expenditure during the war-scare on which they are unlikely to receive more than a 65 per cent. grant; while Mr. Eady's revelations and the uncertainty about the Government's intentions with regard to A.R.P. should provide the Labour Party with some excellent ammunition. In brief, municipal elections this year will resemble more than ordinarily a miniature General Election.

The I.L.O. in London

The International Labour Organisation's Governing Body has been holding a session this week in London. Ordinarily, the I.L.O. meets in Geneva; but each year one session is held in the country to which the Chairman of the Governing Body belongs, and this autumn Mr. Leggett's chairmanship brings the I.L.O. for once to London. The proceedings are still at a fairly early stage as we write; but it has been made plain that the I.L.O. is still hammering away at its endeavours to persuade Governments to make advance plans for public works (on the lines of what has been done in Sweden) in order to help in lessening the amplitude of fluctuations in employment, and that it is also concerning itself very actively with the furtherance of legislation for making holidays with pay universal in the more advanced countries. As Mr. Butler's review showed, the holidays with pay movement has made remarkable legislative progress in many countries during the past year; and even where paid holidays have not yet been enforced by law the system has been considerably extended among organised workers by means of collective bargaining. In general, the I.L.O. seems to be holding together well amid the dissolution of the League's political organs; and it is also something that the League's Health Organisation appears to be able to get on with its work.

The Meat Ramp

The ring which controls the imports of Argentine meat has long been a public scandal. It is able, by means of its monopolistic control of refrigerator space and shipping, to squeeze both the British consumers and the meat producers in the Argentine. Consequent discontents in both countries led to the appointment of a special investigating committee under the joint auspices of the British and Argentine Governments. This committee, which has just reported, was refused all information about costs and profits by five out of the six leading concerns in the trade, and the report is consequently unable to present proven figures showing the case against the monopolists. This is clearly an intolerable situation, which will have to be remedied by complete public ownership of the trade unless less drastic methods can be found of bringing the companies engaged in it under effective control. At present, the quota system applied to meat imports from the Argentine gives the trading companies every chance of beating down the prices paid to the producers, and at the same time makes it easy to keep up prices at the consumers' expense. Seldom has a body of monopolists enjoyed so remarkably favourable a situation; and the scandal could hardly have continued for as long as it has but for the fact that the responsibility for dealing with it is divided between two Governments, and the further fact that American as well as British firms are involved.

The Steel Ramp

The British steel manufacturers, who have enjoyed a practical monopoly in the home market ever since 1932, are putting up a stiff resistance to the demand for reduced steel prices, despite the plain fact that British steel is now the costliest in Europe, and despite the high profits which the industry is able to make, largely at the taxpayers' expense. When the steel producers were given their monopoly under tariff protection, it was argued that they would be able, by keeping their works in full employment and developing the latest inventions, greatly to bring down the price of steel; but in fact steel prices are now nearly 40 per cent. above the 1929 level, whereas the prices of industrial goods on the average are down since that year by about 10 per cent. Despite the demand for armaments, total sales of steel have fallen sharply since last year; but the leaders of the industry flatly refuse to cut prices in order to stimulate orders. Doubtless, they think it pays better to bleed the taxpayers by high prices, even if this means losing other orders. Their attitude throws some light on the causes of the discrepancy between the sums spent on armaments and the results achieved.

Freedom of the Press

In his great speech in the House of Commons on the Munich Settlement, Mr. Winston Churchill prophesied that Mr. Chamberlain's policy would soon lead to a disastrous curtailment of the liberties of Parliament and the press. Faced with this danger, one would have expected Captain FitzRoy, Speaker of the House of Commons and guardian of its privileges, to phrase his criticism of the Fourth Estate with a due measure of caution. The press, as we know it to-day, largely controlled by a few rich men, is by no means a satisfactory institution, but its worst defects were not those referred to by Captain FitzRoy. It is perhaps significant that a strong defence of the liberty of the press should have been found immediately afterwards where liberty may have on occasion to look for its last defender—in the mouth of the Lord Chief Justice. Censorship in many subtle forms is increasing in this country to-day; an American correspondent who has recently returned from a visit to this country says that the New York taxi-driver who heard excellent wireless talks from Europe and read the very full account of events in the American press is much better informed about the Czech crisis than the average English business man. Parliament needs reform and so does the press, but those who talk rashly about their vices would do well to learn from any intelligent German to-day what it means not to have a Parliament and to depend for one's information on a press controlled by Dr. Goebbels.

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DEMOCRACY AND REARMAMENT

IT would be natural to suppose that Great Britain, possessed of vastly greater wealth than Germany and controlling world resources much superior to those of Germany, should find no difficulty in outstripping Herr Hitler in any armaments race upon which the two countries might embark, and also in greatly excelling the Germans in the efficiency of civilian defence. Yet it is plain for all to see that though this country has been rearming, and spending money freely on rearmament, ever since 1935, we have singularly little to show for our efforts, either in arms or in civilian defence, whereas Germany can show a great deal. The inference is commonly, and most dangerously, drawn that this has happened because Germany is a totalitarian State and Great Britain a democracy, and that democracies are by nature bad both at waging war and at preparing for self-defence.

The truth is that British inefficiency in war preparation —and the same can be said of France—has been due not to the democratic features of the constitution, but to the oligarchical elements in it, which democrats have failed to hold in check. Faced with a demand from the State for arms or gas-masks or trenches, or anything else that is out of the ordinary way of business, the oligarchs who control our industries instinctively retort with an attempt to hold the community to ransom. They demand not merely a high profit on the goods which they are asked to make for the Government, but in addition compensation for disturbance—for the upsetting of their ordinary selling routine, and the possible loss of future markets through their working for the State. Unless they are heavily bribed, they refuse to set aside their other commitments in order to do what the State requires. The consequence is that there are endless delays in carrying out the plans that have been made, and what is done is done only at a preposterously high cost to the taxpayers.

Side by side with the industrial oligarchs are the gentlemanly oligarchs of the fighting services and departments. Inexpert in business and devoted to a traditional routine, this group furnishes the business man who wishes to evade his responsibilities with endless opportunities for making excuse. "These military fellows are hopeless," says the disgusted business man. "These business fellows have no patriotism," retorts the soldier; and between them everything gets put off, or, when it is done, is done only on exorbitant terms dictated by the expert to the gentleman, who regards it as somewhat vulgar to haggle when patriotism is at stake. After August, 1914, the War Office spent months obstinately obstructing the admission of new contractors to its list; and it took more than two years to persuade the Government that the only way of checking exorbitant profiteering was by the direct control of industry and prices, and not by merely taxing excess profits after allowing them to be made.

Totalitarian States are at a great advantage over us in these respects. The Nazi State is not run by gentlemen, and its leaders know very well that a country cannot be organised for war without a strong control by the Government over the use of capital, the forms of production, and the prices at which goods are to be sold. Germany possesses all these controls, and uses them up to the limit, by methods developed by the Nazis out of the controls imposed by previous Governments in face of the world economic depression. Great Britain, on the other hand, has none of them—**not**, as some people would have us believe, because Great Britain is a democracy, but because British, like French, democracy has never yet been allowed to lay its hands on the key positions of economic power.

To-day it is certain that Britain is about to begin rearming on a scale that would have horrified the country only a little while ago—indeed, that still horrifies the public, even though it cannot see that there is any practical alternative. The demand, of course, is not only, or even primarily, for weapons of war: it is at least equally for adequate measures of civilian defence, including both storage of food and other supplies and A.R.P. on the scale contemplated by Professor Haldane in his recent book. The soldiers probably will never realise that success in war, or in averting it, depends at least as much on the civilian population not being scared or starved as on the forces actually fighting by land, sea or air. To drive home that lesson is the task of civilian opinion; and it is indispensable that the country, unless it is to go down to one humiliation after another, shall possess itself of a Government that has mastered that lesson. But from the standpoint of organisation, munitions, A.R.P., food storage and all the other questions of national economic defence raise the same fundamental problems. Success in facing all these tasks demands either a totalitarian Government on the Nazi model, or a real democracy capable of standing up to the vested interests and the obstructiveness of the oligarchs.

If the tasks before us are to be carried through, regimentation there must be. There has to be an end of the shilly-shally, the behind-the-scenes petty profit-making intrigue, the constant delays and evasions that have marked British policy up to the present moment. The question is whether this reorganisation is to lead us towards a peculiar British type of Fascism or towards making our democracy real. Those who aim at the first of these alternatives will endeavour, as they are doing already, to concentrate public attention on the question of "man-power," in the hope of introducing conscript labour without surrendering the employers' freedom to pursue profit irrespective of the national needs. Such people will demand that labour shall be regimented, while industry (by which they mean the employers) is left to "organise itself" for the national task. It will be argued that the industrialists know much better than the Government what needs to be done, and that the Government, when it has conscripted labour for them, ought to leave them with a free hand to get on with the job.

The grain of truth in this argument is that at present industry does know better than the Government, because the existing Government is grossly incompetent and in personnel and outlook utterly unsuited to undertaking the task of national economic organisation. In a country of free institutions, this task demands not merely the acquiescence, but the positive co-operation of the Trade Unions. It requires that no sacrifice shall be asked of the ordinary citizen without an assurance that the wealth of the community is being mobilised equally with its man-power, and that the industrialist and the financier, equally with the man in the street, are being given their marching orders and prevented from exploiting the national

necessity for their private advantage. In short, it requires a different Government, capable of uniting behind it the friends of democracy, instead of driving them into more and more determined opposition.

The task demands too, imperatively, the goodwill of the United States. Great Britain's power to rearm, to build up reserves of food and materials, and to provide properly for civilian defence are largely conditional on the United States agreeing to help. That is why, apart from narrower considerations, the prompt conclusion of a really comprehensive and liberalising Anglo-American commercial agreement is a matter of absolute necessity. What stands in the way of such an agreement to-day? Not the Dominions; for the Ottawa difficulties, which at one time looked formidable, have already been got over. The obstacle is the obstinate tariffism of the Prime Minister and certain of his colleagues, who are prepared to throw away American friendship in order to preserve their unrestricted freedom to go on shovelling sand into the machinery of international trade. The prospects of Anglo-American co-operation were badly damaged at Munich; they have been further damaged by Mr. Chamberlain's ancestor-worship even during the past week.

The time has not yet come for measuring up in hundreds of millions the costs which this country will have to incur as the penalty for our Government's part in destroying the League and wrecking the movement for collective security. Whatever the sum, it is bound to be huge enough to exact sacrifices from us all. What we must demand is that, in order to prevent the burden from becoming quite unbearable, we shall be given good value for our money. But good value is out of the question without drastic measures to stop profiteering and to organise the vital industries directly under public control for the supplying of the national needs. The present Government is entirely incapable of inaugurating such a controlled national effort. The first task of democrats is to make away with it, and to entrust the task to men who can be relied upon not to use the need for mobilising our resources as a pretext for betraying the democratic cause.

IN ITALY NOW

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

IT must be plain, even to a superficial observer, that the material and moral condition of Italy during the past two years shows a marked deterioration. The bitter disillusionment that followed the Abyssinian war, the economic retrenchment which that war necessitated, and the highly unpopular Spanish campaign, for which volunteers are still being rounded up, have all made their contribution to it. But it would be a mistake to assume that, save in isolated instances, there are any signs of rebellion; the general reaction—natural enough in a regime of terror—is instead one of extreme apathy. There is not so much as a whisper concerning Spain or Abyssinia or Austria, at least, not in public. In the cafés I have heard men discussing the racial question under their breath, simply because its extreme novelty made it an irresistible topic of conversation. ("But suppose a man falls in love with a Jewish girl? . . ." And, "What's all this Aryanism about? I don't understand a word of it!") These, however, are merely the puzzled questions of one who seeks guidance in a difficult matter; they are not intended as criticism of the Government.

The one universal topic is sport, for that, at any rate, is safe. The Italians, once the most politically alive of all peoples, have been cured of their taste for politics; they have learned to take their opinions ready made. Every morning one sees a little group of men gathered round the newspaper placard at the street-corner; without moving an eyelid they read its contents slowly through and then, still maintaining their blank expressions, turn away and go about their business, knowing what they have to believe for the next twenty-four hours. They need not waste their money on a paper, for the orders of the day go easily on to a single sheet.

Let there be no uncertainty on this head; the vast majority actually believe what they read. I have spoken with a business man who called himself an anti-Fascist; who explained to me at length (first closing his office windows) his horror of the spiritual oppression and the militarisation of the young, and who complained bitterly of the heavy and arbitrary taxation to which he is subjected. He then went on to tell me that Russia was in the hands of the Jews, France under the heel of the Communists and Freemasons, and that Japan was in China merely to save civilisation from Bolshevism. For the bad relations between his country and ours the blame was about equally distributed between Mr. Eden and our Communist press. Even a Socialist friend expressed the opinion that there were as many volunteers fighting with the Spanish Government ("Reds," he called them) as against them, and, had I asked for it, would probably have added the information that Russia started all the trouble.

It is clear enough, then, that after years of uncountered propaganda the mind forgets to reason, forgets even to doubt. Fascism has induced in Italy a state of intellectual torpor which it is terrible to contemplate. When, in a secondhand bookshop, one glances through the magazines and textbooks of the last sixteen years, one has the exact sensation of raking over a muck-heap. With a stupidity and vulgarity which our own gutter-press has never yet equalled, there is combined an element of rank nonsense which could only pass muster in a nation that has been terrified out of its sense of humour. One picks up, for example, a treatise on economics which is standard in all the universities and which has already gone through many editions; on almost every page there are statements which would make any tolerably reasonable being howl with laughter.

How has this state of affairs been achieved? A complete answer would entail an investigation of Italian propaganda methods; but a briefer one is easily found in the technique of advertising, here or in America. In Italy, commercial advertising is in its infancy, but the same process of inane repetition of grossly exaggerated claims has been applied to political matters with immense success. Up and down the country the houses, walls and hillsides are covered with inscriptions: simple admonitions (in imitation of Mussolini's handwriting) such as *Believe; Obey; Fight;* plain flattery, such as *The soldiers who have conquered the Empire are the bravest in the world;* or, most eloquent of all, DUCE, DUCE, DUCE. In fact, it appears that, while "What I tell you three times is true" is an overstatement, the same thing, retold some thirty thousand times, day in day out, has a very fair chance of being accepted.

It has been said that the Italians, in their present state, are a nation "condemned to enthusiasm." One may add by way of explanation that this enthusiasm is a purely synthetic product (like Glaxo) which is prepared in large quantities and administered to the population as often as required. Thus, whenever the regime finds itself in low water, the Duce goes on tour. On these occasions nothing is left to chance; in the first place, his *claque*—an army of Blackshirts for whom cheering is the main business in life—goes with him; and in the second, the prompt copies of the speeches which the Duce is to deliver are carefully interlarded with appropriate interruptions, replies and applause at all the salient points. Then, in the public performance, these interruptions are shouted through loud-speakers by the Duce's theatrical staff, taken up by the *claque*, and so passed on to the crowd; the whole

punctuated by the thud-thud of machine gun fire which whips up the mob to the necessary frenzy. Sometimes, by bad stage management, the answers to Mussolini come out in advance of the questions, with grotesquely inapposite results. The orgy is relayed to every wireless station in the country and broadcast again in the evening from sound records. To such an extent have these ceremonies become part of Italian life that everyone, Fascist and non-Fascist alike, naturally keeps the radio going on all such occasions.

There is no doubt that the fascination exercised by Mussolini on the people, though greatly diminished, still holds. Among the workers, small shopkeepers, lower middle class and intellectuals discontent is universal, and for the best of reasons; most of them are being squeezed unmercifully. Yet, in the majority of cases, this discontent is unfocused. There is no general realisation that Fascism is the cause of the trouble. On the other hand, these dissatisfied groups are offset by the big industrialists (who have done, and are still doing, very well out of the Abyssinian war and armaments), by the armed forces and—no less important—by the huge new bureaucracy of the Fascist administration whose tentacles reach out to every aspect of Italian society. In all the towns one observes entire buildings devoted to Fascist activities of whose existence no foreigner would have dreamed. All over the country are scattered branches of organisations, weird and wonderful, whose main purpose is to provide employment for their staff—corporations of every colour, provincial "seats of economy," assistential works, agricultural boards, providential associations. . . . But the list could be continued for ever. And all the chiefs, secretaries, vice-secretaries and clerks who are holding down jobs in these offices, with their families and hangers-on, are vitally interested in maintaining the regime, for on it depends their very existence. A new bourgeoisie has in fact arisen, more deeply entrenched than the old, and more conscious of the part it has to play in defending itself.

But even among this class there are two sources of discontent which, with the best of goodwill, cannot be ignored—the bread and the Germans. The trouble began some months ago when the new heavily adulterated bread was first issued. Among the poorer people many so far forgot themselves as to voice their protests; the women, who fetch the bread from the bakers, were particularly vociferous. The result was an immediate recrudescence of *squadrismo*—beatings and castor oil. But the Government were sufficiently alarmed to make some changes almost at once. Thus there are now three types of bread—the first, which none but the tourist can afford to buy (at 3.80 lire a kilo), is moderately good, but the third (at 1.70), which is bought by nearly the whole population, is still all but uneatable. The Italian Socialists say: "We now have an anti-Fascist paper which comes out three times a day—the bread."

While the bread is a source of material discomfort, the advent of the Germans is a slight to national pride. It may be asserted that Mussolini dealt the first serious blow to his own prestige when he paraded Hitler in triumph through Italy; despite all efforts to arouse enthusiasm, the reception accorded to Hitler was exceedingly cold. Now, for the first time in the history of the regime, one hears Fascists freely admitting that Mussolini has blundered; there is a general feeling, which no talk of the Rome-Berlin axis can dispel, that Italy has been handed over to the Germans. Anti-German sentiment is very strong, and the presence in Italy of thousands of German tourists come, as it seems, to view their new possessions, serves only to aggravate it. One may hazard a guess that Mussolini would hardly dare to go to war simply in aid of Germany; that would be the surest way of causing a revolt, not only among the oppressed classes, but among the army.

It is, in fact, among the former that one finds most opposition to the regime, although of a passive sort. In the remote country districts workmen assemble in secret to listen to the broadcasts in Italian from France and Spain, which the authorities do their utmost to render inaudible. There are workmen who are teaching themselves French so that they may read such newspapers as are allowed to enter the country. Another hopeful sign is that a minority of university students are beginning to find the suppression of intellectual liberty intolerable; those who are rash enough to say so are whisked before the special tribunal and given sentences of from five to twenty years' imprisonment. Even in the secondary schools there are youngsters calling themselves Communists (though they cannot know the real meaning of the word) who tie red scarves round their necks and create disturbances during lessons; these are expelled forthwith. Curiously enough, some of them are offspring of highly connected Fascist officials.

What conclusions can be drawn from all this? First, Italian Fascism, though strong, is unstable; so much is clear from the extent to which the Government allowed itself to be alarmed over the bread question. If, then, there should come a time when it is compelled to issue the black bread once more, the regime may suffer a severe shock. Second, little is to be hoped for from internal political action alone; as I have indicated, at the present day politics in Italy are dead. Action of that kind must therefore in the first instance come from without; and of this truth, none is more convinced than the little group of Italian Socialists who still remain loyal, waiting pathetically for help to come from the "great democracies."

Rome. D. P. W.

A LONDON DIARY

I was talking the other day to a supporter of the Government who is now deeply upset by the policy of Munich. We discussed in particular the extraordinary activities of unofficial visitors from Britain to Germany, who even during the crisis itself confirmed the view of Hitler and Ribbentrop that under no circumstances would Britain fight on the Czech issue, even if Germany marched. We tried to think of adequate epithets to characterise the conduct of a British aristocrat who actually boasts of having told Hitler, immediately before his Nuremberg speech, that everyone in Britain would be pleased for him to go ahead and settle the Czechs in his own sweet way. Then we swopped information that went to show that the dramatic telegram that announced the visit to Munich was a put-up job. It is pretty convincing information. The Munich meeting was, I understand, announced on the Italian radio on the Wednesday morning: I know of a City man who received information in the morning from the private Secretary of one of the members of the French Cabinet that there would be no war and that he could make pots of money if he went ahead before Chamberlain's speech; the same information came over the 'phone in the morning from a big bank in Switzerland; and I may add that a good many people *knew*—I do not mean guessed—while Mr. Chamberlain was speaking that the speech was to end in peace and not war. This play-acting must be condoned, I suppose, on the ground that it was good politics. Then my Conservative friend and I went on to discuss the implications of all this. He agreed that if one considered the story of Spain and Czechoslovakia, which he as a Churchillian regards as a complete betrayal of the British Empire, the only explanation was that the class interests of our rulers had outweighed their normal patriotism. "Yes," he said, "the two people I most detest in the world are Karl Marx and Herr von Ribbentrop. And I must reluctantly admit that they both were right."

* * *

I have never known a time when political parties have so little represented the true cleavage of opinion. There are many divisions beneath the surface, but the immediate issue is between those who are satisfied with Mr. Chamberlain and those who feel that he supports everything they hate. It is because this division is clear at Oxford that Mr. Lindsay's campaign has been, as an Oxford correspondent writes to me so "exhilarating"—not the word that one would use of many

recent by-elections. The election, he explains, has restored the will to political power, which a hopeless three-cornered fight had considerably weakened. "Instead of the usual party dog-fight, we felt that we were standing up for the people of England against the Chamberlain clique. Whether we actually won or not, we knew during the campaign that we *could* win if we had time to get to the electorate, and that the victory of Lindsay (or even a considerable reduction of the Tory poll) would be something vastly more important than a Labour Party success could ever have been. A busman said to me: 'You know, Lindsay as an Independent seems more *our* candidate and more anti-Chamberlain than if he had had the Labour ticket.' That remark struck me as profoundly significant. By getting rid of its sectarianism, the local Labour Party has grown in stature and gained a new respect in the city." This is an interesting comment (which does not come from the "left") and which is worth the consideration of Transport House. It is argued that Labour alone cannot provide a convincing alternative to Chamberlain. Labour is producing a carefully thought out manifesto, but no purely party manifesto, however good, is a substitute for the National Opposition which the country is ready for.

* * *

The Labour Spain Committee made a great success of a daring enterprise last Sunday. Since there has been no Labour conference during this year of crisis, this entirely unofficial Committee took matters into its own hands and itself summoned a conference to consider ways of helping Spain. No fewer than 122 constituency parties were represented by mandated delegates. Many came from considerable distances—Edinburgh, Argyllshire and Devonshire and Northumberland, for instance. The event of the morning was a moving speech of quiet dignity by an anonymous Spanish visitor, whom the chairman had to introduce as "the unknown comrade." He disdained pity—"pity the Czechs!"—but warned his hearers that if Spain is betrayed by the Western Powers, "the stink of our corpses will haunt you in the years to come." Sir Charles Trevelyan opened the afternoon session with a plea for more striking and imaginative action than the usual routine motions of opposition. With emphatic backing from Trade Unionists the Conference asked the Party to consider the expedient of "simultaneous nation-wide demonstrations on a working day within working hours." But it was to the idea of unity against Mr. Chamberlain that the Conference chiefly pinned its faith. With virtual unanimity it sent a telegram of good wishes to Mr. Lindsay.

* * *

It was a rank and file, warm-hearted, practical and energetic Conference—as it showed itself when it faced the fact that hunger may cheat the Spanish Republic of victory. The Committee asked the Labour Party Executive to organise the despatch of foodships. After speeches by two women the Conference felt, as it had done all day, that it wanted to act for itself. Unanimously it decided itself to send a foodship, and on the spot the delegates pledged themselves that each party, including the poorest and the smallest, would at once raise a minimum of £10. Next day, I am told, the gifts began to pour in, and within a week the first shipment of food, a £1,000 worth of condensed milk and dried codfish, will be on its way to Spain. This is the kind of thing that happens when the human units of this party come together without thinking too much of red tape. But this is only the first instalment of what the Labour Spain Committee means to do. There will certainly be further shipments, and those who realise how urgent is the need for food should send their donations at once to the Secretary of the Labour Spain Committee, Mr. J. Pole, 24 Lupton Street, N.W.5. The Republican army will only be beaten if it is taken in the rear by the starvation of its children.

* * *

One other Spanish appeal was raised at this Conference. All the remaining members of the International Brigade—about 800—are leaving Spain. A hundred British prisoners have just been exchanged for a hundred Italians. The Italians were taken to Majorca in a British destroyer and received with flags and drums provided by that staunch upholder of non-intervention, Mussolini. The British, with hardly a rag to their backs, are returning in driblets by way of France. We may shortly expect a large contingent who have only recently left the Ebro front. London will not fail to welcome them. Six London mayors have already asked to be on the platform, I'm told, and Mr. Attlee and other Labour leaders will also be there. But cheers are not enough: these men, who have been through the rigours of a terrible war, need good overcoats and clothes; the Committee (write to Mrs. Haldane, 1 Litchfield Street, London, W.C.2, and see her letter in the last issue of this journal) wants money to provide them with the necessary civilian equipment and to keep them until they find jobs. A large memorial fund has also to be raised so that the wives and families of the 450 men who have been killed shall not be in want.

* * *

A Councillor in a London borough tells me that during the crisis week a lady called to tell the A.R.P. officer that she and her children were now nicely provided with gas-masks, but asked what she was to do for the goldfish! This is an authentic instance of faith in protection against gas attack. Since the crisis people have been told to keep their gas-masks, but they also hear that they will rapidly deteriorate and they are dubious if they would be much use anyhow. Hence the large number rescued from dustbins. But what is happening to the rest? Mass observers might provide some interesting statistics. I can supply instances of the use of the gas-mask bag for minnow fishing in canals and for carrying home fish and chips for supper.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Miss Palca.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

The Führer is an excellent diplomatist, for he always lets his opponent have his way, but he cannot be a happy man, and when he thinks of the men and women he has persecuted he does not sleep easy in his bed at Berchtesgaden.—Sir Abe Bailey in the *Times*

To-morrow—the greatest face-reading offer begins! You want to help make Britain Strong? Jacques Penry, great expert, will look at your photo and advise you on the form of national service most suitable for YOU!—*Daily Mirror.*

Of Hitler, she said she would be much happier if he were to withdraw his *Mein Kampf*, but also she said that the fact that Queen Elizabeth was the only woman mentioned in that book was a remarkable proof of the Virgin Queen's greatness.—Conservative speaker reported in *Muswell Hill Record.*

Mr. A. P. Iliffe, chairman of the Oxford Ratepayers' Association, spoke for Mr. Lindsay. "Although I am a Conservative," he said, "this time I am going to think for myself."—*Provincial paper.*

Generally, he said, he considered that the flogging he saw was not brutal. There was a table covered with first-aid material, the doctor was there, and, after the flogging, the prisoner "is swathed like a wounded man in battle."—Hon. Edward Cadogan reported in *Daily Telegraph.*

I was pleased to read "Disgusted's" letter re the unwarrantable scheme to compel householders to take 16,000 strangers into their homes.

My wife and I lived for about 17 years in Birmingham, and we feel that the class of people who would most probably take advantage of this plan for a free trip and holiday in a country town would be just the class that we would do almost anything to steer clear of.—Letter in *Citizen.*

SOCIAL SERVICES UNDER THE NEW DEAL

WITH the elections coming on in November, there is now a Babel of political noises in America. On the face of it, the President is having a rough time. But to my mind the key to the real situation to-day is the simple fact that the great bulk of American citizens are poor people or on the verge of poverty and, whether Democrat or Republican, they cannot help approving of the New Deal. To them it spells a promise of economic and social security and they want to see more of it. Concrete evidence of this is the result of the latest Gallup Poll (a careful straw vote) which showed that, among those at the bottom of the social scale, 83 per cent. were *for* the President and among those in the next higher income grade 65 per cent. were of the same opinion. These are large majorities; apparently everyone is against Mr. Roosevelt except the electorate. After all, did not we in Britain have an analogous experience in the stirring years 1906–14, when our Liberal and social reform governments were always in serious trouble, but could never be beaten at the polls? The purpose of this article is to try to show what the President has done to deserve popular gratitude and to indicate what further gifts he has to offer.

First of all he took over in 1933 practically the whole inadequate patchwork of public assistance in the States and cities of America and organised an Emergency Relief Programme which dealt not ungenerously with upwards of 20,000,000 applicants (including dependants) for two years. This practically fulfilled the President's injunction that no one should suffer unrelieved privation in those critical years, and it cost the Federal Treasury some £800,000,000 a year at the peak. Then when conditions improved, he withdrew from this all-in scheme and substituted a huge Federal undertaking to employ on work-relief all able-bodied unemployed men and women who were considered to need assistance. Nothing in the whole history of unemployment measures is more remarkable than the W.P.A. (Works Progress Administration) captained by Mr. Harry Hopkins. Including the C.C.C. Camps for some 300,000 young men, there are now over 3 million workers employed on this nation-wide network of projects and earning from 55*s*. to 93*s*. for a 30 to 40 hour week. At least a third of them regard themselves by now as permanent employees of the Government; at least a million households are enjoying a larger and more regular income than ever before in their lives. Negroes form a large proportion.

In 1937 there was a dispute as to the rival economic merits of W.P.A. (Mr. Harry Hopkins) and P.W.A. (Public Works Administration: Mr. Harold Ickes). The President sided with the W.P.A. and cut off supplies to Mr. Ickes, who thereupon took a long vacation and got himself married in England. Now, as a sort of wedding present to Mr. Ickes, a large part of the £750,000,000 appropriated under the new Spending for Recovery Act is to set him going again on the building of bridges, roads, etc., in partnership with local authorities.

But this is only the beginning of the story. These tremendous expenditures are measures for the moment with the primary objective of getting money moving, paying wages and increasing consumption. They may not be permanently maintained. The President's long-term policy is to establish social services and insurances and to fix a minimum wage. This is his real social security programme, and it is mainly comprised in one tremendous measure—the Social Security Act, 1935. Here we come to something much more on British lines. First, there are some six items which establish new Federal-State services for various categories of poverty and child welfare. The Social Security Board or the Department of Labour are setting certain standards as a condition of grants to locally operated schemes. This is fairly familiar ground. But the two major items in the Act represent a venture into fields wholly strange to government in the United States, i.e. contributory insurance for old age pensions at 65 and unemployment insurance. The former is a unified, centralised, national scheme, covering about 40,000,000 persons—the world's largest insurance system and certainly the largest (mechanised) book-keeping operation in history. In return for a 6 per cent. tax on wages shared equally by employers and employed, a weekly annuity, varying from 10*s*. to £4 5*s*., is to be payable from age 65 to death. Within these limits pensions are to be calculated (like the contributions) as an exact percentage of each pensioner's actual earnings from 16 to 65. No Government grant is yet involved, but a vast reserve is to be built up by 1942, when the first weekly pensions will be paid. They are *retirement* pensions, not an absolute right as in Britain. How the central offices at Baltimore are going to fare with their fearsome task of record-keeping, I do not know; but any error or dispute will mean, after 1942, a new kind of archaeological research into the employment histories of aggrieved claimants. Everything depends on the employers' returns, and there is so far about 20 per cent. of non-compliance among the smaller employers, involving a loss of some 10 per cent. to the fund. Rather surprisingly, those who sought to frustrate this vast Federal venture on the ground that it was unconstitutional got no support from the Supreme Court. That was a bit of luck for the New Deal!

Alas! no such bold national scheme was attempted in the case of unemployment insurance. Under the Social Security Act each State was to be induced to set up its own plan and all have now done so. Benefits are already being paid out to over a million claimants in some 24 States. The other States will follow suit by the New Year. There are some common features running through all the schemes, such as the fixing of contributions as a percentage of employers' wage bills and the doctrine that the rate of a man's wages should determine his benefits—50 per cent. of full-time wages up to a maximum of £3 for at least 12 weeks is the benefit rule. But beyond that all the States can go different ways and follow their fancy. Wisconsin, which flatters itself as a cut above the rest of the States, has long had a "company reserves" scheme of its own, that is, a scheme of separate accounts for each employer. The idea is to punish the naughty employer who allows a large labour turnover and reward the virtuous who can stabilise his labour. But they have not as yet ventured to raise the tax on the wicked and, to my mind, the whole idea is mystical and unsound. Where will the building trades find themselves? Fortunately, most of the States, and I think the Social Security Board in Washington, prefer to have pooled insurance funds which spread the risk among employers on European lines. There are many other differences, such as the limitation of coverage to firms employing eight or more persons in some States and the inclusion of all employers in other States. Employees' contributions are not usually required; America on the whole thinks that unemployment insurance should be rather like workmen's compensation. This also is Wisconsin doctrine.

In actual administration, so far, the gravest difficulty has been to assess and pay the benefits (by post) promptly and to avoid paying thousands of spurious or ineligible claims. These things are not easy under the complicated "percentage of wages" plan which has been chosen. Indeed the necessity of drastic simplification is pretty clear; it is already being discussed.

Not simplification, but repeal or at least suspension of these two great insurances, is what the President's opponents are demanding of him now. According to them he ought to be sitting in sackcloth and ashes for the damage to business which his new-fangled experiments have done. Mr. Roosevelt's reply is cheerfully to sketch out a two years' programme of further expansion. He wants to improve the Old Age Pensions scheme and then launch a great national service of medical care. Here he is up against the doctors. The powerful American Medical Association, like the B.M.A. in 1911, will not hear of health insurance or a panel system. Still less do they like the idea of a nation-wide system of public

doctors. Yet it is a measure of socialised medicine, rather than insurance, that is, on the whole, most favoured to-day by the idealists in Washington. Every citizen, they say, has as much right to free medical care as to free education. The net cost is officially estimated at some £550,000,000 a year, but less if they started with a service of limited range. Contributory insurance by States is put forward as the second best alternative. Their case is simply based on the argument that forty million of their fellow-citizens live in families that cannot, on their incomes, support the cost of treatment in sickness; nor are there sufficient hospitals and nurses.

To enact these sweeping social reforms is one thing; to implement them in a " disintegrated " country like the United States is quite another. It requires good technique, high-powered administration and a considerable education of the public mind. There is, of course, no large *corps d'élite* of permanent civil servants to draw upon, and the personnel of the New Deal, both in the Federal and the State services, has had to be improvised. Herein lies a grave but characteristic weakness, which may be as fatal to some of the new social services as it has been to other extensions of civil government. But there is hope. The socially minded citizen is now being attracted to Government employment and the President has done his best to strengthen the merit system of appointment. And for the first time the great Universities of the country are lending a hand. Several thousands of keen students, enrolled in what are called Graduate Schools of Social Work, are deliberately preparing themselves for service in these new branches of administration. Doubtless the real art of administration can never be taught in schools. Such recruits will have much to learn, but at least their quality holds out a good hope that, if present social trends persist, America will, in a few years, possess a corps of reliable public servants. That is one of her most vital needs.

R. C. DAVISON

SURPRISE

I WENT into a barber's shop the other day in a little country town in the north of Ireland. The day was warm and soporific, and the barber, a red-headed young man in a long white coat, was sitting fast asleep in a chair by the door. I coughed in order to wake him, and, at the seventh time of coughing, he blinked his eyelids till he could almost see that a customer was in the shop. He rose with obvious reluctance from his chair, looking at me with extreme bitterness and distaste. I told him I wanted a hair-cut. He said nothing, but pointed to a chair opposite a basin, and I sat down. He arranged several towels round my neck, thrusting portions of them roughly between the neck and the collar. He then looked long and sourly at my crop of hair which, I admit, made up in length for its increasing thinness. " Sthrip it? " he asked, and, when I answered, " No, no, just medium," he took up his scissors and his comb lovingly as though he were handling lethal weapons.

If I had had the courage, I would have risen from my chair and bolted from the shop, but I sat where I was, nervous and prepared for the worst. I was all the more nervous because there was no mirror opposite me in which I could see what he was doing. The only mirror in the room was high up on the wall, where one would have needed to have the neck of a giraffe to be able to see into it. Before he had been long at work, however, I was almost glad that I could not see my reflection, for it must have been charged with pain and alarm. The barber had a way, after clipping off a lock, of bringing the comb down on the skull with the force of a mallet. The scissors he used fairly discreetly, never going further than to give me the feeling that he was about to remove the tip of an ear or ever so ticklingly to sever the tendon between the top of the ear and the rest of the head. But the comb he wielded like a primitive man attacking a helpless enemy with a stone axe. Or like a Red Indian scalping a Paleface with a tomahawk, for he preserved a Red Indian's silence as he went about his work.

Occasionally, he paused, as prize-fighters pause at the end of a round, and, standing a few feet away, he would gaze hungrily at me, asking himself whether there was anything more that he could do to punish me for waking him out of his sleep. Then, with renewed vigour, he would set to again, banging the comb down on my skull as lustily as if he had been playing an Orange drum. Time and again, I thought, with a sigh of relief, " Now, at last, he's finished," only to see those dreadful scissors advance again, and to feel them creeping nearer and nearer the ear-tendon. Time and again, I said to myself encouragingly, " He must stop now, for I can't have any hair left," but always he caught sight of yet another spot on my head that invited clipping, and down would come the comb again with a thud that made me dwindle in my chair.

Some people, more domineering than I, will say that I ought to have told the barber to stop and to have refused to allow him to " Sthrip it "—the " t " was really thick, though not quite a " th "—since I had asked him not to strip it. But suppose he had refused. He was clearly in a vindictive mood, and he had me at his mercy. I was almost choked with towels, unarmed even with a pair of scissors, and there was no human aid within call. Besides, I could see that, as a result of his exertions, the man was gradually working the venom out of his system and becoming moderately good-humoured. When the hair became too short for the use of scissors, and he took up a kind of sheep-shearing instrument to go on with the work, the beginnings of a smile flitted across his face. When, at long last, feeling that he could do no more, he released me, brushed my coat and handed me my hat, he looked, I thought, almost happy. He even said, " Thank you," when I paid him. I, too, said " Thank you," in a toneless voice, and went out into the world, hoping that the great writer spoke the truth who said that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

It was an extremely unpleasant experience, and yet, for some strange reason, I should not like to have missed it. How tame the conventional speech of the ordinary barber seems—" Not too much off," and so forth—compared with the red-headed man's uncompromising " Sthrip it? " There are few things more pleasant than surprise. Even an unpleasant surprise becomes, nine times out of ten, pleasant in the memory. All my most vivid memories of barbers' shops are memories of unpleasant surprises—being shaved during a thunderstorm by a nervous French barber who leaped a foot in the air at every flash of lightning; being shaved by a drunken barber who seemed to fall with his razor against my cheek after every flourish of the instrument till I besought him to stop and left the shop with the one side of my face shaved and the other black with bristles; being shaved on the morning of a country race-meeting by a cheery barber who was in such a hurry to get through his customers that he occasionally removed parts of their faces along with the hairs. Frankly, I prefer the conventional barber, but is must be admitted that he seldom gives one a surprise that lingers in the memory.

What particularly attaches me to the red-headed barber in memory, however, is not his surprising method of hair-cutting, but his surprising phrase " Sthrip it? " How rich in drama it is, how original! It is because country speech is still so unconventionalised that as a rule there is more pleasure in listening to casually met countrymen than to casually met townsmen, though the cockney still preserves much of his traditional gift for unexpected turns of speech. Synge discovered more surprising phrases in the Aran Islands in a month than he could have discovered in the West End of London in a year. The English visitor to Ireland, indeed, if he likes the country, owes half his pleasure to the continual surprise he experiences as he listens to a new and original kind of talk. The dullness of fashionable hotels in most parts of the world is due to the fewness of opportunities for such surprises, for people with money tend to talk like each other and shrink from originality of speech.

Even those who shrink from being surprising, however, enjoy the pleasures of surprise. We travel in search of surprise: we read in search of surprise. On a first visit to France, the novelty of the coinage, the novelty of the food, the novelty of the speech, make up half the pleasure of our holiday. We are freed from the tedium of over-familiarity, and so most of us, when we go abroad, continue to be. Many people are unable to enjoy a holiday unless they break into an unfamiliar world. Yet to the imaginative Englishman the English climate and the seasons provide, one would think, such a perpetual succession of surprises that there is little need for him to go abroad in quest of them. A skylark singing above the common on a late October Sunday, almost as warm as May, will never cease to be surprising till the end of the world. And how unfailingly surprising is the sight of a diving gannet! That noble bird with its black-tipped lime-white wings, labouring above a rough sea, and then plunging with outspread wings which it folds in the twinkling of an eye as it enters the water, loses its novelty for us as little as a leaping salmon. One of the compensations for not being able to travel is that thousands of things at home remain perpetually new and surprising. The flight of the swallow is as startlingly beautiful as it was in the days of one's childhood. A starry night, willows reflected in a pond, a bed of roses—all these things retain their power to surprise us, despite years of familiarity.

It is this power to keep on for ever surprising us that distinguishes great literature from literature that is less than great. Almost any clever writer can surprise us for a time with a novelty of manner, but not every clever writer can continue to surprise us when we are familiar with his work and his manner is no longer a novelty. Meredith probably injured rather than increased his chances of immortality by labouring so ardently to surprise his readers. Phrases that seemed compact of wit and wisdom to readers fifty years ago have now lost their novelty and, apparently, much of their power to afford delight. The great writer is he who can give the pleasures of surprise not only to his contemporaries but to posterity. Still, it is something even to surprise a contemporary, as the red-headed barber surprised me with his "Sthrip it?" I shall remember that barber. He has made his mark on me. But I will not visit him again. Y. Y.

Correspondence

A UNITED IRELAND

SIR,—May an entirely unofficial Irishman endeavour to resolve your difficulty as to any suggestion that Britain should "persuade" Ulster into accepting an Anschluss with the parent Ireland? Persuasion is an ambiguous word. Let us rule out every type of constraint. We ask that Britain shall hold the balance even. That is the only form of persuasion desired. If that be granted we believe that a voluntary reunion of Ireland will come.

Remember that Northern Ireland (miscalled Ulster) is a portion of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. It is under the direct control of the Parliament at Westminster and many of its most important public services are administered from London. It is taxed by, and it is represented in, the Parliament at Westminster. It is in every way dependent upon Westminster. Thus if Ireland complains of anything done in Northern Ireland in regard to the Catholic and Nationalist minority, which is a full third or more of its population, it is to the British Government that the complaint must be addressed, because it is responsible for Northern Ireland and because it has all the necessary powers for making that responsibility effective.

It is well known that the Nationalist minority is deprived of its proportionate electoral power by a very comprehensive system of "gerrymandering" constituencies both for parliamentary and local government elections. It is perhaps less well known that it is permanently deprived by statute of the protection of the common law rights as to personal liberty enjoyed by all other citizens of the United Kingdom—so that it is exposed to arbitrary arrest and prolonged imprisonment without trial or sentence for indefinite periods at the will of the executive. But I doubt if it is realised at all in this country that Northern Ireland, which possesses a regular constabulary with large detachments of the British Army in the background, possesses also a large force—upwards of 12,000—of Special Constabulary recruited on sectarian or sectional lines and fully armed. This force in 1924 was paid for by direct British subsidies and was avowedly maintained to resist by force of arms any award of the Boundary Commission to which Lord Craigavon and his friends might object, notwithstanding the fact that the British Government was represented on the Commission and bound by treaty to accept its award. To-day this force is publicly referred to by Northern Ireland Ministers as their guarantee against any Anglo-Irish arrangement to which they might object. And lastly the financial obligations of Northern Ireland, as prescribed by statute, have been manipulated without statutory authority, so that it enables Northern Ireland to carry on and to maintain an oppressive and therefore an expensive administration without meeting its statutory engagements and at the cost of the British Exchequer.

For all these things Britain is responsible in that it has full powers of control and yet permits them. And is it not clear that Ireland in complaining of them must address itself to the British Government and to the British Government alone? Let Britain right that which is wrong and all else may follow to the manifest benefit of the Commonwealth. HENRY HARRISON

London.

SIR,—Some suggestion seems to be implied, in your reference last week to Mr. de Valera's recent statement on partition, that he was threatening that if London did not persuade Belfast to join Dublin, then Dublin would not help London in the event of a world war. May I be allowed to put another point of view?

I do not think Mr. De Valera intended anything improper; he was merely giving his opinion (and he should know as well as most) that conditions are such in Northern Ireland that an explosion is only too likely if the minority there (about a third of the population of Northern Ireland) sees a chance of freeing itself from the intolerable oppression of the Unionist Party.

I was one of an unofficial Commission which investigated, *inter alia*, the treatment of the minority by the Northern Government, a year or two ago, for the National Council for Civil Liberties. The Commission consisted of a K.C., a junior barrister, a solicitor and one who is now a governor of the B.B.C. We were all profoundly shocked by the extent and thoroughness of the terror exercised by the Unionist machine in Northern Ireland upon anyone who openly championed the union of the two parts of Ireland under one Parliament. So long as this terror is allowed to continue Northern Ireland will be a source of danger to the Empire in case of trouble in Europe, and so long will decent people in the South, quite apart from the sentimental desire most of them have to see Ireland united, feel aggrieved with London for perpetuating partition.

Does London perpetuate partition? Yes. Northern Ireland (which is not even the whole of Ulster) could not continue to exist for long without financial assistance from the British taxpayer. Six counties (even if they did not contain a depressed area) could not afford all the paraphernalia of State such as two Houses of Parliament, a High Court and a Court of Appeal. The British taxpayer is mulcted to maintain this ridiculous State and this hideous tyranny merely because the Unionist Party in London does not want to offend its members who control Northern Ireland.

A British Government which was really concerned with freedom, the safety of the Empire and with avoiding unnecessary expenditure at home, would end this state of affairs by declining further to subsidise the Tories of Northern Ireland.

8 Fig Tree Court, Temple, E.C.4. E. L. MALLALIEU, (formerly M.P. for Colne Valley)

ANGLO-AMERICAN TRADE

SIR,—It seems hard to believe that the current negotiations for a trade agreement with the United States are really in danger of breaking down, but if this should indeed be the case it would be well for us in this country to take stock of the consequences. In its effects upon American opinion, already severely jolted by the events of recent weeks, nothing could be more disastrous than such a breakdown. The average American is no more conversant with the detailed issues involved than is the average Englishman.

The strict merits of the case, about which we at present know little, are, however, very largely irrelevant. A protracted visit to the United States, from which I have just returned, convinces me that two considerations are of paramount importance. For good or ill, Americans have come to believe that, since Ottawa, the British Empire has been, as one of them put it, "closing up like an oyster" to American trade. It would be worth paying a very high price indeed to remove this impression. Secondly, the policy of bilateral trade agreements, whatever we may think of its ultimate effectiveness in freeing world trade, is the one item on the New Deal programme which has from the very start commanded virtually unanimous approval. The future influence, in the councils of the Democratic Party and the nation alike, of internationally minded men like Secretary Hull and the President will not remain unaffected by the success or failure of the present negotiations. It can hardly be doubted that they on their side have the strongest motives for coming to terms. Already eighteen agreements have been concluded, mainly with South American countries, but also with France, Holland and Switzerland, and the American public has been taught to regard the British Agreement as the long-awaited coping stone for the whole structure. The collapse of the present negotiations will certainly be represented as the result of British intransigence, and cannot fail to add yet another to the long list of grievances which already clouds Anglo-American relations.

Whatever some of their leaders might wish, the American people is not at present in any mood for international co-operation in the political sphere. Anything which can be made to appear as a rebuff to American efforts at economic co-operation will make the United States even less inclined for co-operation of a more serious sort. Who, Sir, are we that we should blame them?

London. HAROLD BARGER

PALESTINE

SIR,—The fallacy underlying the whole of Mr. Thompson's letter is the implication that the Arabs are in revolt against an attempt by the Mandatory Government to impose upon them a Jewish State in which they are to be a minority. Since the Technical Commission's report has not yet been issued and the Government's decision, even if already taken, is not yet known, it is surely futile, not to say mischievous, to attack a policy that does not exist. It is likewise unreasonable and unjust to condemn a distinguished group of American Christians who urge the strict observance of the Balfour Declaration, on the ground that they "interpret" this "as promising a Jewish State over an Arab procured minority," when there is not a word in the text of their cabled message that can possibly lend itself to such an interpretation. Mr. Thompson need not be so solicitous about the "helpless settlers in Esdraelon and the Shephelah," for they demanded the practical realisation of the Balfour Declaration long before their American sympathisers, and certainly more insistently. Nor are these settlers really helpless, for they have bravely defended their lives and property; and even the Government has invoked the co-operation of Jewish special constables to guard its public buildings as well as roads, railways, and water supply. There would have been less need for so many British troops in Palestine if prompt and vigorous action had been taken in April, 1936, or if the authorities had immediately availed themselves of Jewish co-operation, which was repeatedly offered before partial use was made of it; and the unfortunate incident referred to by your correspondent would then have probably been avoided.

It is ridiculous for Mr. Thompson to say: "The Jews have the press, and can ruin any paper or writer who takes up the Arab case," for he must know that this is nonsense. The Arabs have no difficulty in putting forward their views, and have often expressed them in the *Manchester Guardian*, to which he particularly refers; on the other hand, there are certain papers that systematically refuse to publish anything in support of the Zionist case. But it is essential to keep to facts about the Arabs and not to indulge in such reckless mis-statements as that "they and their ancestors have lived there from time immemorial, and have seen their country given away over their heads." The Arabs first invaded Palestine in the seventh century and were themselves conquered there in the eleventh century, since when they stagnated under the yoke of successive rulers until they were liberated by the Allied armies in the Great War. No land has been taken away from them, and the amount of land bought by the Jews under the Mandatory regime is not much larger than the area they had previously purchased under the Turks.

Mr. Thompson is equally at fault in saying: "We have kept, and at present intend to keep indefinitely, one country in our Empire without the beginnings of representative institutions, which are to be established only when we have completely overturned the racial balance." Palestine is not a part of the British Empire but a mandated territory. Apart from such representative institutions as municipal councils, which the Arabs have had all along (with a Mayor of their own in the city of Jerusalem, which has a Jewish majority), they were offered a Legislative Council as far back as 1922, but refused it. They were again offered a Legislative Council at the end of 1933, and owing to serious dissension on the question among the Arab parties their leaders were invited the following spring to send a delegation to London to see the Colonial Secretary. But the ex-Mufti of Jerusalem, who was bitterly opposed to the Legislative Council because it would have undermined his authority and exposed his administration of trust funds, was resolved that no delegation should go. He gave the signal for the revolt in Jaffa, and the country has suffered from his sinister activity ever since.

It is all very well for Mr. Thompson to say that Palestine "is no solution for the wrongs the Jewish race is suffering, and that solution must be found in a land which has room." Can he name the land and can he guarantee that it would be available for a large Jewish settlement? The Evian Conference has taught us what we may expect of Governments that are profuse with sympathy. No land was offered and only driblets of immigration under rigid conditions will be allowed. That is why continued immigration into Palestine is now so vital for the Jewish people. The Arabs have increased and prospered since the end of the war as a result of Jewish colonising activity, and there is absolutely no reason why they should not continue to prosper with a continuance of Jewish immigration, for the Jews are anxious to co-operate with them actively in furthering the welfare of the country as soon as peace and order have been restored.

Childs Hill, N.W.2. ISRAEL COHEN

[From a large correspondence on this subject we have selected Mr. Cohen's letter as the clearest and most comprehensive reply to Mr. Thompson.—ED. *N. S. & N.*]

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF EUROPE

SIR,—Perhaps you may be interested in the reactions to recent events of one of your American readers. In writing this I do not pretend to voice any opinion but my own, but it is the recent changes in that opinion which most painfully concern me. I am one of the very early members of the League to Enforce Peace. I am a veteran of the war crippled from wounds. I am by profession a student and teacher of European History. I regard myself as a Liberal who is strongly Anglophile and Francophile. I have preached for years that the United States should play a much more active part in world politics, preferably as a member of the League of Nations, but otherwise in co-operation with the former Allies. But the series of events from the repudiation of Locarno to the sacrifice of the Czechoslovak Republic indicates such a state of affairs in Europe that either the United States must assume a position of political hegemony in the world or else they must cling more tenaciously than ever to a policy of isolation in the western hemisphere supported by a two-ocean navy. I am familiar with the argument that if America is unwilling to act to protect a central European democracy Americans cannot legitimately criticise European powers who are similarly unwilling. The debating value of this is easily recognised. But the implication of this argument seems to be that the United States already plays the decisive role in world politics, and that the course of events, even in Europe, is determined by American action or inaction. I wonder if those who advance the argument admit the implication. Certainly not even the most hundred per cent. American has any desire for political hegemony of this sort. Those of us who championed the League idea desired a concert of Powers great and small. This desire seems now to have been almost naïve.

From this distance it is hard to see, considering the terms of agreement with Hitler, why Mr. Chamberlain had to make any visits to Germany. Perhaps the "principle" of negotiation was preserved. It really looks as if the result, whatever Mr. Chamberlain's intent, was merely to prevent the Czechs resorting to legitimate self-defence and so to baulk them effectively from invoking their treaties of alliance. To offer the Czechs new guarantees looks like mocking the condemned man on his way to execution. This sacrifice of the Czechs makes it appear that France and England have accepted the status of second-rate Powers unable or unwilling to abide by the international agreements which they signed and ratified, and prepared to be dragged

along in the wake of the dictators. In such case it remains for the United States to consider how best to deal with the probability of a Nazi dominated Europe and a Japanese Asia. To the student of politics rapprochement with Russia would appear to be a logical development. This would require considerable preparation of the public mind, although even now it is highly probable that American sympathies would be with Russia in any struggle with Germany or Japan in the near future. The more immediate probability is a policy of greatly increased armament in which any or all ideas of naval parity with anybody will be scrapped. Most of the voices usually raised loudly against armament will be subdued or hushed. It is too apparent that the future belongs to those who have plenty of arms which they are not afraid to use.

Williams College, RICHARD A. NEWHALL
Williamstown, Mass.

"THE MAN OF DESTINY"

SIR,—In your dramatic criticism of *The Man of Destiny* you write: "One is surprised to learn that this is the first production on a London stage in *thirty-one* years!" I should like to point out to you that this statement is not correct, unless you consider that the Regent Theatre, the Court Theatre (now, alas, both picture theatres) and the Chelsea Palace are not London stages. *The Man of Destiny* was included in the Bernard Shaw seasons which took place annually in London between 1925 and 1931—and in which I was the leading actor and producer. I am not certain whether we included *The Man of Destiny* during seasons at Kingsway and Little Theatre. I rather think we did at the latter, but certainly at the Court, Regent and Chelsea Palace.

Savage Club, ESMÉ PERCY
1 Carlton House Terrace,
London, S.W.1.

BACK TO THE LAND

SIR,—In his interesting article "Back to the Land" in your issue of October 8th, Mr. L. F. Easterbrook suggests an organisation on the lines of the National Milk Publicity Council to undertake for fruit and vegetables activities which the Council performs on behalf of milk.

Mr. Easterbrook will be glad to know that such a body already exists in the shape of the British Growers' Publicity Council, which includes in its membership representatives of the National Farmers' Union, the Horticultural Trades Association, the British Flower Marketing Association, and other leading organisations representing every branch of horticulture. The Council is the successor, appointed by the horticultural industry, to the Flowers, Plants and Vegetables Publicity Committee set up by the Minister of Agriculture to continue the publicity work for British grown bulbs and other horticultural products originated by the Empire Marketing Board.

Many of the services suggested in Mr. Easterbrook's article are already being carried out by this Council and others are in contemplation. Vegetable publicity in particular is an important feature of the work. Monthly recipe leaflets are published, giving lists of home-grown vegetables in season, with new and practical recipes for their preparation. These go in ever-growing numbers to housewives, schools of domestic science, and Women's Institutes all over Great Britain. Opportunities are made for the public to visit centres of production and see for themselves how the crops are grown, gathered and packed for market. The Council take each year a leading part in the organisation of the Early Market Produce Show staged every spring by the Royal Horticultural Society.

The Council has just carried through an advertising scheme for English tomatoes. This included an exhibition staged at the London Passenger Transport Board's display site at Charing Cross, under the title "English Tomatoes from Glasshouse to Table." This illustrated every stage in the production of English tomatoes. Other highlights of the campaign were the issue of recipe booklets and leaflets, and the distribution of shop window cards to retailers.

The Council's work is not limited to fruit and vegetables. It has played a leading part in the development of the British bulb industry and has organised, in co-operation with H.M. Office of Works, the Rose, Shrub and Herbaceous Gardens in Queen Mary's Gardens, Regent's Park, as living demonstrations of the latest developments in the British nurseryman's art. Extensive work is also carried out on behalf of the cut-flower and window-box plants sections of the industry.

All these activities meet with the warmest response from the public, and there is encouraging evidence of their efficacy in increasing the demand for the various products covered by the Council's activities. It is perhaps useful to record that the Council's work has aroused much interest both in overseas Empire countries and on the Continent, and that work on similar lines has, in several instances, already been started.

British Growers' Publicity Council, C. H. B. KENYON,
68 Victoria Street, Public Relations Officer.
Westminster, S.W.1.

SIR,—In his article on Forestry Mr. L. F. Easterbrook states that the landowners' interests in stockbreeding and their "home farms" have degenerated into the rearing of "preposterous animals" to "gain silver cups and more social prestige for them (the landowners) in agricultural shows," and that "that is not the spirit that finds satisfaction in serving the community."

Great Britain—in particular, Scotland—has long been looked upon as the source of the best stock within the majority of beef cattle, dairy and sheep breeds, which have become established as pure breeds in other countries or have become the foundation there for the improvement of native breeds. It is scarcely necessary to mention in this respect Australia, Canada, South Africa, the U.S.A. and the Argentine.

First of all, it is safe to say that no greater service has been rendered to stockbreeding interests by the landowner who runs his own home farm, than his maintaining unimpaired the excellence of some breed of cattle or sheep from which the more humble members of the stockbreeding community may draw to replenish their own studs. The laird, too, with the home farm and a pedigree stock is not only the breeder of the finest stock, but he is a welcome patron at pedigree sales as a purchaser of usually no mean degree. It is my humble opinion that the public are woefully ignorant of the magnificent achievements of tenant farmer and laird in this country in the evolution of pedigree stock.

Secondly, may I ask why animals raised for the show-ring should be referred to as "preposterous"? To the uninitiated, the agricultural show may be ridiculed as largely existing for the winning of silver cups; but to those who have devoted themselves to pedigree stockbreeding, looking essentially to the utility points of a breed, the agricultural show is the criterion of stockbreeding perfection in accordance with the standards of beef, mutton and milk requirements as judged by the public taste.

Therefore, the animal reared in the home farm for the show-ring can only win if it attains these recognised standards in the breed; it is no fancy beast, bred to satisfy the whims of a landowner seeking after the really rather trifling prestige of a silver cup; it is bred to achieve a standard of excellence which has made Great Britain the stud farm of the world. BREWIS ANDERSON

THE GROWTH OF FASCISM IN JUGOSLAVIA

SIR,—Dragoliub Jovanovitch, formerly a historian at the University of Belgrade with an international reputation, a newspaper editor and one of the chief champions of liberty in Jugoslavia, is shortly to be tried before the Supreme Court of Jugoslavia. There is no appeal against the sentences of this Court, which can impose sentences of up to ten years imprisonment purely on political grounds. Why, it may be asked, when political persecution is the rule rather than the exception in Europe, refer particularly to this case? Because it has a peculiar significance in view of the Fascist drive in South-Eastern Europe. Jugoslavia is not yet wholely a Fascist state and need not become one. The reason for the arrest and trial of Jovanovitch is that he has fought to maintain democratic liberties in Jugoslavia, to satisfy the legitimate claims of the Croats and to improve the lot of the peasant population. Because he has the confidence of both the Serb and the Croat peasants, he was able to act as an intermediary between them in arranging for a common list of candidates in the 1935 elections. On that occasion in spite of the hostility of the Government and of an electoral system under which votes are cast in public but counted secretly he had the overwhelming success of being elected by a majority of 10,000 votes out of a total of 11,000.

The Government of Stoyadinovitch is bent on avoiding at all costs the recurrence of results so damaging to it. Immediately after the Munich agreement it became generally known that new elections were to be held in the near future, probably about the beginning of December. Stoyadinovitch is determined to secure

a wholesale endorsement of his reckless and pro-Nazi policy. He intends, before doing so, to crush his opponents, and to prevent them from standing as candidates at the coming election. Hence, as a beginning, Dragoliub Jovanovitch was arrested early in the present month. Dr. Jovanovitch and his friends are threatened in fact with a fate resembling that of anti-Fascists in Italy. It is not too late for British protests to have effect. X.

[The writer of this letter who does not exaggerate the importance of this trial, has an intimate knowledge of the facts.—ED. *N. S. & N.*]

Miscellany

COUNTRY NOTES

October

This is the time of year when the season changes its character; when the early morning hours are soaked as well as radiant. How beautiful these October mornings can be, even though they spoil later in the day! The spiders' webs veil the hedges with their miracle of fragile intricacy. The birds are singing again, in wistful reminiscence of the far-away spring. The quinces are turning golden to match the trees. The berries are redder than blood among the darkness of the yews, and they lie like gouts of blood on the grey paving stones where the thrushes have smashed them.

But it is also a time for activity, not merely for contemplation. Already the big cornfield has been ploughed up, and the furrows shine after the rain. The farmer and the gardener are both busy, the gardener perhaps the more excitable of the two, for he is more of the amateur, concerned with the creation of beauty rather than with the providing of food. Gardening is a luxury occupation; an ornament, not a necessity, of life. The farmer is not at all concerned with the eventual beauty of his corn as a feature in the landscape, though, indeed, he gets a certain satisfaction out of it, as he leans against his gate on a summer evening smoking a peaceful pipe, and sees his acres gently curving to the breeze. Still, beauty is not his primary aim; the gardener's is. Fortunate gardener, who may pre-occupy himself solely with beauty in these difficult and ugly days! He is one of the few people left in this distressful world to carry on the tradition of elegance and charm. A useless member of society, considered in terms of economics, he must not be denied his rightful place. He deserves to share it, however humbly, with the painter and the poet.

The Garden in October

The most noteworthy thing about gardeners is that they are always optimistic, always enterprising, and never satisfied. They are forever planting, and forever digging up. They always look forward to doing better than they have ever done before. "Next year . . ." they say, and even as they pronounce the words you become infected by their enthusiasm, and allow yourself to be persuaded that the garden will indeed look different, quite different, next year. Experience tells you that it never does; but how poor and disheartening a thing is experience compared with hope! Let us continue to be sanguine even at the cost of future disillusionment. A pound's worth of plants is worth the full pound, even if ten shillings out of the pound eventually die on us. The survivors will compensate us for the failures.

This, then, is also the time of year when we take our gardens to pieces. It is a special moment in the year, when plants may safely be shifted round to new and better positions, and other plants may safely be introduced to one of those new planting schemes we had designed on paper earlier in the year. Throughout the spring and summer we had enjoyed the flowering beauty planned last May, but if (as I trust) we may be accounted true gardeners, this is the exciting time when we can make drastic alterations and look forward to a better, different effect next spring. And so it goes always forward: scheme after scheme, dream after dream; and although only a very poor proportion of the schemes and dreams come to fulfilment, there always remains the hope that some day some effort will fulfil itself in terms of our loveliest aspirations.

In the meantime, I shall continue to plant and shift during the months of October and November. I shall continue to think that my garden will look quite different and better next year, although I know deep within my heart that it will look exactly the same to everyone except, perhaps, to me. Alone I shall be able to register that my shrubs are growing, and that the Winter-sweet I started from seed will at last begin to flower.

Sloe-gin

One of the most pleasant autumnal occupations I know, is when I go into the low, warm kitchen to help to prick the sloes for the making of sloe-gin. Big bowls of sloes are waiting on the kitchen table under the light, purple berries heaped as generously as blackberries; and there we sit, perched on the kitchen table, methodically punching each sloe with a fork. Then plop into a bottle, to be filled up with gin and sugar; corked, and left for six months to mature on the larder shelf. I cannot quite explain why this occupation affords me such quiet satisfaction. It is not that I particularly like sloe-gin; in fact, I rather dislike it as a sickly drink. But there is something about that yearly scene in the kitchen—the hanging light, the clean scrubbed table, the bowls of freshly-collected fruit, the blue-paper stacks of sugar, the cleaned bottles, and the baby cooing in its cot—all these things make me look forward to the evening when we shall once more make sloe-gin in the kitchen. V. SACKVILLE-WEST

A HISTORICAL ANALOGY

PEOPLE love "historical analogies," relevant or irrelevant. The irrelevance of the analogy between Mr. Chamberlain's three visits to Hitler and Disraeli's "Peace with honour" visit to Berlin has already been widely commented upon. Apart from the question of "honour," the Congress of Berlin was held for the purpose of *preventing* one victorious power—Russia—from establishing its domination over the Balkans after a successful war. Mr. Chamberlain's transaction with Hitler has resulted in precisely the reverse; it *has*, in fact, established the domination of one power over the Balkans. Further, a conference implies negotiations, such as Disraeli—"Der alte Jude," who would not have been received by Hitler—carried out with Bismarck, while Mr. Chamberlain merely passed on a series of ultimata from Germany which resulted in Germany gaining far more than even the Munich agreement proposed. This analogy belongs not to the historical, but to the hysterical class—it is part of the mass hysteria to which Mr. Harold Nicolson referred in a recent speech.

We find a real parallel in another episode in which Disraeli also figured. Since 1862 the growing conflict between Germany and Denmark over Schleswig-Holstein had been causing growing alarm to all the European chancelleries. It was not merely a national, but also an international, issue. An international Protocol had been signed in London in 1852 regulating the territorial and dynastic position of Denmark. Yet within a few years of that agreement, the rise of German nationalism with its consequent expansionist aspirations, found an easy target in the little kingdom of Denmark. "The Danes are persecuting their German minorities," the outcry was, and before long it became obvious that Germany was contemplating action. The British Cabinet felt called upon to sound a note of warning and did so on repeated occasions. Palmerston's speech on July 23rd, 1863, was most emphatic and stated in no measured terms that if things were to come to a war between Denmark and Germany, Denmark would not stand alone. A year previously, in September, 1862, Lord John Russell had sent a note to Berlin, Vienna and Copenhagen suggesting a new territorial arrangement, extremely favourable for Germany and offering the guaranteed autonomy of the German minorities in the disputed region. But the Germans had not accepted it. Finally, Lord Wodehouse was despatched as a special intermediary to try to work for a peaceful solution.

But Bismarck told him on December 12th, 1863, that without a far-reaching change of system and in the personnel of the Copenhagen Government, negotiations would be impossible.

This was followed by Palmerston's strong warning. Nevertheless, early in 1864 the Germans began hostilities and now England not only withdrew her threats, but was actually willing to go to almost any length in regaining Germany's good graces. Indeed, on January 14th, 1864, Lord John Russell declared that the anti-German utterances of leading members of the Cabinet had been personal rather than governmental ones, and were based on the public's feelings rather than on policy. All these events were discussed in the House of Commons on July 4th, 1864, when Disraeli made a most striking contribution to the debate.

If the name of Czechoslovakia is substituted for that of Denmark, his observations exactly fit the present crisis. He traced the history of the crisis and England's repeated unsuccessful and curiously ambiguous interventions. Then he said: "They (the Government) invented a process of conduct which I hope is not easily exampled in the history of this country, and which I can only describe in one sentence—it consisted of menaces never accomplished and promises never fulfilled." He pointed out how France, from the beginning, had declared she would not come to Denmark's assistance; "If England had adopted that course it would have been intelligible and honourable."

But the British Government threatened Germany and misled Denmark. "Notwithstanding these threats," the speech goes on, "notwithstanding these repeated menaces, and notwithstanding every effort made by Her Majesty's Government to prevent it, federal execution (i.e. war) took place, as it was intended to take place. One day after the most menacing epistle which I have ever read—the day the copy of the Treaty of 1852 had been solemnly placed before the Diet by Sir Alexander Malet—on December 27th, federal execution took place. At any rate, I do not think that is evidence of the just influence of England in the councils of Germany. What was the course of Her Majesty's Government at this critical conjuncture? Why, sir, they went again to France. After all that had happened the only expedient was to go and supplicate France. I will read the letter (Mr. Layard: hear, hear!). The hon. gentleman seems to triumph in the recollection of mistakes and disappointments. I will give him the date, but I should think it must really be seared upon his conscience. December 27th is the date of federal execution: and Her Majesty's Government must have been in a state of complete panic because on the 28th they made application for France, which was answered in a few hours by Lord Cowley: 'I said Her Majesty's Government were most sincerely anxious to—' (laughter). I wish really to be candid, not to misrepresent anything, and to put the case before the House without garbling any of the despatches. 'I said that Her Majesty's Government were most sincerely anxious to act with the Imperial Government in this question.' No doubt they were. I am vindicating your conduct. I believe in your sincerity throughout. It is only your intense incapacity I denounce."

Lord Cowley had written: "Her Majesty's Government felt that if the two powers could agree, war might be avoided; otherwise the danger of war was imminent." Disraeli then quoted another despatch which expressed hope that Germany would not "depart from the straight line of good faith" and since this was met with cheers he said to the House: "you cheer as if it were a surprising thing that the Secretary of State should have written a single sentence of common sense."

Proceeding with a further description of the developments that followed, he quoted Lord Wodehouse's declaration to the Danes to the effect that "if the Danish Government rejected our advice, Her Majesty's Government must leave Denmark to encounter Germany on her own responsibility." And after showing how harmful these representations had been to the Danes, who were not merely deserted, but charged with being responsible, he went on as follows:

> SIR,—I listened with astonishment as the noble Lord condemned the vices of his victim, and inveighed at the last moment against the obstinacy of unhappy Denmark. Denmark would not submit to arbitration. But on what condition did the German powers accept it? And what security had Denmark? That if in the Conference she could not obtain an assurance that the neutral Powers would support her by force on the line of the Schlei—what security, I say, had she that any other line would be maintained—an unknown line by an unknown arbiter? Sir, it does appear to me impossible to deny, under these circumstances, that the just influence of England in the Councils of Europe is lowered. And now, I ask, what are the consequences of the just influence of England in the Councils of Europe being lowered? The consequences are—to use a familiar phrase in the despatches—"most serious," because in exact proportion as that influence is lowered the securities for peace are diminished. I lay this down as a great principle, which cannot be controverted, in the management of our foreign affairs. If England is resolved upon a particular policy, war is not probable. If there is, under these circumstances, a cordial alliance between England and France, war is most difficult; but if there is a thorough understanding between England, France and Russia, war is impossible.

It would be hard to find a more striking analogy. The results of England's policy—so devastatingly, and yet so constructively, criticised by the apostle of modern British Conservatism—are well known: three wars and almost fifty years of Germany's uninterrupted political and economic expansion.

GEORGE SOLOVEYTCHIK

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CALLING FOR A SPADE

IN the midst of the European crisis, when populations were being hurriedly moved out of the towns, and statesmen were rushing together to re-make the map of the Old World, I had the misfortune to break the handle of my favourite spade. Now a spade, like any other tool, is a very particular thing, and no new one can replace the old one, which has worn to a good cutting edge and which just grips to the boot without savaging the leather.

So I got on my bicycle and rode down with the old blade

to ask the village wheelwright if he could fit a new handle. His shop is a few yards removed from the main body of the hamlet. He needs space. His workshop and forge stand back from the road, behind a sloping approach larger than the playground of the village school. And that approach was so filled up with jobs waiting to be done that I could not wheel my bicycle through the medley. So I leaned it up against a crippled reaping machine, and walked gingerly over and around until I stood on the threshold of the forge.

The building was built like a barn, and as large. Under its moss-green thatch the cross-beams leaned, the underside of the thatch lost above them in a cloud of spider-webbed darkness, in which floated a constellation of odds and ends stored up for a century or more by this old man, and his father, and his grandfather. After my eyes were accustomed to the semi-darkness, I could make out the shapes of barrels strung on ropes, planks of seasoned wood, poles and metal rods, chains and blades and masses of wrought iron broken ages ago and unrecognisable for any service. And on a lower beam near the double doors sat a ginger cat with his tail neatly coiled round his white slippers. He opened one eye and looked at me indolently for a time, then closed it again. Beneath him, in the body of the barn, with the light from the doorway full upon it, stood a farm-wagon; a ship-shape wagon, with a rake about its build, like a schooner; graceful curves in the body of it, and a splay to its huge wheels. It was a beautiful thing, adze-hewn, with the marks of the tool on its timbers. It might have rolled into this yard straight out of John Constable's picture *The Haywain*. And the scene too was the same; the East Anglian scene with its perpetual sleepy air, its lazy, small waters rich with still lazier carp and pike, its boy on the bank doing nothing in particular, and doing it for centuries; its common little wild-flowers under the shadow of the elms, and the wild contradiction above that scene, the maddened skies forever in motion, driven by winds that passed unheeding over this shrinking countryside.

Thus standing and contemplating the wagon, with my broken spade under my arm like a portfolio, I found that a figure had emerged from the inner workshop. He was waiting for me to withdraw from my reverie. He did not mind waiting. The people of this countryside never mind waiting. It is their habit never to speak first. They do business in that way, and when two of them get together for that purpose, the opening stages of the process are amusing. It is a process of mutual wariness. The one native will eye the other native obliquely, to receive in exchange an equally shrewd cross-glance. But not a word yet. After a little play of this sort, one or other will venture a quite irrelevant remark. The weather, for example. The weather is discussed in every aspect and in great detail. But it is all part of the great self-protective technique.

So it was now. One might have expected that the old man would have been bursting to talk with a neighbour about the great events of that day. Mr. Chamberlain was at that moment in Munich with the heads of the French, Italian, and German Governments, deciding the fate of Europe. But the old wheelwright kept silent. He had a small plane in his hand, along which he squinted as he tapped the blade and peg with a mallet. But the squinting eye was also watching me, and I could see that it was wondering how I would begin. He knew, of course, what I wanted. He would have known even if I had not the broken spade under my arm. These folk always know. They never show surprise.

"I've broken my spade," I said. "It's an old favourite, and I don't want to throw it away, although I've had to buy a new one."

He put down the mallet and the plane, and gently took the spade from me. He felt its edge, weighed it, examined the worn foot-rests. Then he twitched his nose and turned half-left, cocking his head up towards the dark storage under the thatch.

"Broken yer spaade, 'ave yer? That be a wunnerful bad job, I reckon." Then a slow-motion gleam of amusement stole over the dusty old face. "What with they gentlemen up in Lunnon tellin' us to dig these 'ere trenches 'gainst they airy-planes." He patted the sides of the wagon, and went on, more seriously. "Makin' a new thing o' that old cart. My Dad made those wheels when I was a lad. An' I 'elped un. Aye, I did. They'll last a bit while yet, an' I says it. Old George Jarvis will cart many a 'arvest in her afore he's done. Jest been aputtin' a new axle-tree through. An' a nice bit o' timber too, jest right for job like thaat." His voice trailed away in awe, as his hand felt under the wagon and stroked the great beam of wood which had matured for years under that thatch.

He saw my appreciation. "Got some wunnerful sound wood 'ere, one way an' another. My old Dad put 'un up. Been 'ere as long as I 'ave, 'tas. Reckon it be strong as any o' they iron, folks be so fond of nowadaays. I don't 'old with all this iron, meself. I don't reckon it's natural-like. Iron warn't never meant for they jobs. Noisy stuff, I calls 'un. An' yer caan't trust 'un. As like as not it'll break in yer 'and when yer most wants to relie on 'un. All these fellers usin' *iron*. To my way o'thinkin' it don't make for good feeling in the world. All this shoutin' and ramping, like this chap what's runnin' they Germans into trouble. I reckon that Hitler puts too much concern by the use o' iron. I'd like to show 'un a bit o'timber the like o'that . . ." He ran his hand along a thick plank of oak leaning up to the side of the forge. "That 'ud make 'un speak softer like, I reckon."

He returned for a moment from politics, and once more carefully examined the spade. He thought for a moment, did a little more rule of thumb measurement, and spoke again. "I got some good stocks; fine ash they be. Strong as a woman's will." This reference amused him, and he looked at me slily, and chuckled. "Well, mester, you can leave it an' I'll fix it up proper. I'll take a few days, for the times is proper mad. One thing an' another I'm fair put to it, and my boy too, to ger round o' things. There's Jarvis his reap-

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ing tackle; there's this old wagon, but that's nigh on done. There's a couple o' threshing machines for new slats. I don't know what's come over 'un all these days. World's fair crazy to my way o' thinkin'. So you'll 'ave to wait awhile, an' get that new spade aworkin'. But with a new 'un like that I'll advise yer to give handle a good oilin'. Saves yer hands like, and smoothes the butt wunnerful friendly."

With this good counsel, he turned to his bench in the interior of the forge. But as I was about to go, he looked back, hesitated, and followed me out into the yard.

"An' speakin' o' wood," he said. Then once more he chuckled, slowly gathering up his humour, as though he were selecting a piece of timber. "Speakin' o' wood, I reckon it 'ud be a wunnerful bad job for that there Hitler if he was to get *ugly*." And he glanced once again toward the interior, and jerked his thumb to indicate the stout stuff maturing under the thatch.

RICHARD CHURCH

MR. PRIESTLEY'S FIRST PLAY

"Dangerous Corner," at the Westminster

This is an exemplary play—indeed it is doubtful whether since its production six years ago any playwright has given us a piece so admirably constructed. And it must not be supposed that good construction is a mere elegance, a matter of bowing to Aristotle because of his reputation. Just as streamlining speeds an aeroplane, good construction makes a play fitter to fulfil its functions—it has indeed no other purpose—and the first function of a play is to hold the attention. *Dangerous Corner* does this more thoroughly than any other play (except *Hamlet*) now to be seen in London. Having missed the original production, I leant forward in my seat, absorbed throughout: and at the end I was curious to see the whole play a second time. Mr. Priestley, attempting the theatre for the first time, sagaciously took a tip from two of the greatest of past playwrights. The decisive events, as in *Oedipus Tyrannus* and *Rosmersholm*, have taken place before the curtain rises: the drama lies in their gradual uncovering, and the effect this has upon the characters. Mr. Priestley does not pretend to the poetic imagination of Sophocles or Ibsen, and consequently his play is not great drama but first-rate theatre. There is no beauty of phrase, and no sense of tragedy. But within these limits a better play has rarely been invented. We are introduced to a group of six personages, and an outsider who acts vaguely as chorus. (It is perhaps a pity that this character could not plausibly be retained throughout the play.) At the end each of the six has been stripped; the perilous pursuit of truth has exposed some to mortal wounds. Then, just as we are wishing to see the play again, to enjoy the irony of its placid opening, Mr. Priestley gives us our wish, and repeats the opening scene, with a variation. The disastrous revelations have been only a hypothesis—if the truth come out, the catastrophe we have watched would be inevitable. It is the weakness of almost all contemporary plays except Mr. Maugham's that the subject matter is far too slender. (Mr. Priestley in several of his later plays has himself succumbed to this indigence.) But *Dangerous Corner* contains in a compressed form the material for a whole novel. The characters are full and convincing: we feel—and this is as rare in a play as it is important—that the author knows far more about them than he has told us. There is only one mistake, I think. Mr. Priestley has knotted the characters together with exaggerated tightness: A loves B and B loves C and C loves D, as in Schnitzler's *Reigen*, until the concatenation ceases to be plausible. *Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.* You wish that one single character, say Robert Caplan, could have been allowed freedom from amorous entanglements.

The acting at the Westminster is generally excellent. Mr. Michael Macowan, the producer, however, has not always resisted the temptation to get the last unnecessary ounce out of the situations. Thus Mr. Michael Denison has been encouraged to a hysterical outburst, which may be vulgarly effective but which disfigures his own otherwise admirable performance, and also spoils the ground for the necessary hysteria exhibited later by Mr. Robert Harris. Mr. Harris almost conceals by his accomplishment the probability that he has been miscast: the part demands, I fancy, a heavier, less conspicuously sensitive, actor such as Mr. Tearle. But Mr. Harris, as always, gives a highly intelligent performance. Miss Catherine Lacey is brilliant, skilfully refusing to over-gild her part, and suggesting aridity as well as distinction. Mr. Stephen Murray is perhaps the best of all—the part could not be played more convincingly or more justly. Altogether this entertainment is enormously enjoyable, and the London Mask Theatre is to be congratulated on choosing to revive such a stimulating play. Even the sitting-room paintings in this production are remarkable, in refreshing contrast to those we usually see on the stage in what are supposed to be the houses of the cultivated; for Mr. Peter Goffin has adorned his scene with works by Mr. Coldstream and Mr. Graham Bell.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Carefree," at the New Gallery

Carefree is what you have seen before, dancing, singing, love lightly touched, a scientific cocktail to dull care. The tunes are by Irving Berlin, the jokes hint ever so distantly at weaknesses of the flesh. The setting is affluent and easily come by. Miss Rogers and Mr. Astaire dance in the summerhouse of a Ritz country club. To admit a little fancy work, a dream sequence is inserted. You do not expect a Rubens or a Poussin to halt in mid-career and change his style, no more can it be expected that the Astaire-Rogers team (whose public is so much more vast than that of those old gentlemen) will suddenly alter the framework, the formula within which their art creates itself. For just as *Hamlet* can be good melodrama, so *Carefree*, too, can be good at several levels. And just as *Hamlet* is a tragedy about a man whose

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intelligence is too great for the events in which he is forced to take part, so *Carefree* is a comedy about a man whose instinctive ability lifts him so far above the world that taking the other fellow's girl from him appears less than a breach of professional etiquette. *Carefree* is a snub to the cautious thinking man, a slander on the psycho-analytical profession. It is a hymn to self-confidence and cheek; a wit says, as we have often been told, that if you know what you want and can go after it without thinking about the future you can get it. This is a panegyric upon a man who can make love articulate in his dancing. It is free of reality as it is of care. The moral is dangerous, but wisely hidden in an hour and thirty-five minutes of fun.

Chirico, at the London Gallery
Brynhild Parker, at the Lefèvre
Frank Dobson, at the Nicholson Gallery

This note is intended merely as a signpost to three exhibitions. The early Chiricos are an uneven bunch, with none of his most beautiful inventions. But it establishes his claim to be the earliest, by years, of the Surrealists; and, like so many prophets, he still towers above his disciples. His Italian world of colonnades and statues is genuinely romantic, and the little figures in the echoing spaces successfully excite disquietude. But in the small pictures one is impressed chiefly by the sureness of his colour-sense and his technical skill, but Chirico used to be sensitive as well as original. What in heaven or hell, one wonders, remembering his latest paintings, has happened to this interesting artist? Miss Brynhild Parker's works would probably look better over your fireplace than they do lined up in one room. She paints always in the same key, and with a limited range of colour. But she has skill and freshness and charm. Her flower-pieces are specially enjoyable, and would enliven any room in which they were placed. This exhibition, which is about to close, can be recommended to anyone with a taste for unselfconscious charm. In the new Nicholson Gallery, 45 St. James's Place, Mr. Dobson is showing the drawings he made for the Canadian Pavilion at Glasgow. The two statues are not among the most felicitous works of this distinguished sculptor, but some of the drawings for the decorative panel are excellent. The study of the painter, for instance, displays the forms of the subject in three dimensions with all the decisiveness that a sculptor can bring to a drawing.

"Marie Antoinette" at the Empire

When a new movie is described as an "offering," the spirit of the experienced film-goer droops, and there is little to revive it in the two hours and twenty-three minutes occupied by M.G.M.'s *Marie Antoinette*. One might suppose her story to be romantic enough in itself to need no fancy trimmings, but the authors of the script (distantly based on Stefan Zweig's superficial biography) and Mr. W. S. Van Dyke II, the director, knew better: they have recreated most of the characters in terms of the penny novelette and ignored or misinterpreted the historical situation in which these were placed. The effect of the Queen's extravagance and of her interference in foreign policy is minimised. A few sequences of conventional montage (oratory and peasants' heads) once more represent the French Revolution as a proletarian uprising instead of what it principally was—a bourgeois protest against aristocratic privileges and financial chaos. Even the Revolution however has to play second fiddle to the real business of the screen, a *grande passion*, surpassingly noble and tedious, between the Queen (Norma Shearer) and Count Axel de Fersen (Tyrone Power). The interviews between this pair seemed interminable, and were studded with such sentences as "I want life to be rich, full and beautiful," and "I have always loved you from afar, reverently and as was fitting." One sympathised with Mr. Power's struggles, but he need not have pronounced the composer Gluck to rhyme with "luck." When the Queen asked where he intended to go and he replied "To America," the audience allowed itself the luxury of a long pent up laugh. Mme. du Barry was no less outrageously transatlantic, but she was more fun: "Blast your eyes!" she would exclaim, and "I've known lots of sailors, and they were all fancy lads." Far and away the best performance was Robert Morley's Louis XVI, spiritless, witless, but curiously pathetic and almost noble at the end: a very subtle portrait. Thanks partly to a marvellous make-up, Norma Shearer also excelled in the final scenes. Enormous pains had obviously been taken with the sets, costumes, and historical etceteras (but what was a Union Jack doing in the trial-scene?); and the photography seemed well above the average.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, October 28th—
Howard Robertson: "Exhibition Architecture," Reimann School, 4-10 Regency Street, S.W.1, 6.15.

SUNDAY, October 30th—
Prof. F. Aveling: "What is Psychology?" Conway Hall, 11.
Abyssinian Demonstration, Trafalgar Square, 3.
"Remembrance of Things Past," Globe.
"Dearly Beloved Wife," Vaudeville.
"The Melting Pot," Prince of Wales's.

MONDAY, October 31st—
Recital of English Songs by George Parker, accompanied by Norman Franklin, Wigmore Hall, 5.30.
Dick Sheppard Memorial Concert, Queens Hall, 8. Tickets from P.P.U.
K. S. Shelvankar: "India To-day and the British Empire," Caxton Hall, 8.

TUESDAY, November 1st—
J. F. Horrabin: "Empire and War," Friends House, 1.20.
Alan Bush: "Modern Soviet Music," Friends House, 8.
Dr. Ernest Kris: "Some Aesthetic Problems," 96 Gloucester Place, 8.30.
Choral and Orchestral Concert of Purcell's works. Conductor: Miss Kathleen Merritt. Queen Mary Hall, 8.30.
Recital by Grace Moore in aid of Queen Mary's Hospital, Royal Albert Hall, 8.30.
Westminster Branch of the L.N.U. Ball, Chesterfield Salon, 9. Tickets from Miss Talbot, 63 Elm Park Gardens, S.W.10.

WEDNESDAY, November 2nd—
John Langdon-Davies: "Liberty To-day," Conway Hall, 8.
B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra Concert, Queens Hall, 8.15.

THURSDAY, November 3rd—
Pat Sloan: "The Soviet Policy of Peace," 153 Finchley Rd, 8.15.
Prof. J. D. Bernal: "The Finance of Scientific Research," Chemistry Theatre, University College, 8.15.
Major-Gen. A. C. Temperley: "Danger Spots in Europe," Friends House, 8.30.
"Elisabeth of Austria," Garrick.

FRIDAY, November 4th.
Opening of *Sunday Times* Book Fair, Earls Court.
Arts and Crafts Society Exhibition, Royal Academy. Till Dec. 3.
Lt.-Comm. Young: "Czechoslovakia," 11 Dartmouth Street, 7.30.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"I DO not wish to have my feelings harrowed: I am content to know the men are doing their duty," said my great-aunt Cuckoo severely, when a bowdlerised version of the Battle of the Somme was being read aloud to her. She voiced a general feeling among non-combatants during the war of 1914–1918. Boys were sent straight from school to be butchered and were sentimentalised over, so long as they kept their mouths shut when they came home on leave. There was an almost complete divorce between the men who did the fighting and everyone else who, whatever they pretended, did not want to know about it. In hundreds of cases the experience of war made intimate understanding of each other impossible between front-line soldiers and the women and older people they came back to. The soldier who spent 98 hours' leave with his wife sometimes went back to meet death with a bitter feeling that they were strangers to each other. The next war will provide a change in that respect—nobody will be left out. The aeroplane has brought the horrors of war into the home, and got rid of the last pretence that war is a gentlemanly profession. Because of this the insane meaningless savagery of a modern war smells to me sweeter than the musty blend of cowardice and cruelty which I remember in England during the years 1917 and 1918. Instead of all the vicarious emotions of fear and hate, fed by the newspapers, with the sick misery of anxiety for others underlying it, there are direct emotions, shared by all alike. War becomes like an earthquake or a flood. I have known people who remained lovable and honest under the great calamity of war: French peasants living in their cellars, after their village had been wantonly destroyed. Modern warfare will give us all the chance to emulate their courage and communal virtue.

* * *

Some Still Live, by F. G. Tinker (Lovat Dickson, 10*s.* 6*d.*), is one of the most interesting books about the war in Spain that I have read. It is a simple book, not well written, by a man who is not good at analysing his feelings, or describing his emotions. But the things he does say carry one a long way. He is exactly the kind of heroic, husky fellow we meet with in a Hemingway story—and naturally enough Hemingway himself turns up in the flesh when Tinker goes on leave to spend a gay time in Madrid, during the height of the bombardment. There was always a last bottle of Scotch being saved up for Tinker, and a girl eager for his return. Tinker came from Arkansas. He is a pilot, and was disappointed to find it was impossible to fly in the Abyssinian Air Force because there wasn't one. This was a pity, as he would have surprised the Italians considerably. So he went to Spain and fought for the Government. It is interesting to compare the modern developments in air fighting which he describes with the epic accounts of the Great War given in the diaries and letters of Captain Ball, V.C., Elliott Springs in *War Birds*, V. M. Yeates in *Winged Victory*, Cecil Lewis in *Sagittarius Rising*, and by Ira Jones in his life of Micky Mannock. Conditions have changed a good deal. Aeroplanes are about three times as fast, which almost cancels out the fact that anti-aircraft fire is far more accurate. The routine jobs of bombing trenches and railways, and of machine-gunning convoys and troops, have been brought to a far greater degree of efficiency. And the actual technique of aerial combat has been speeded up enormously. Mannock was the great innovator by insisting on the importance of fighting in a tight formation. In the early stages the formation will consist of quite a large number of machines; but it soon breaks up into arrowheads of three, each leader being protected by a machine on each of his wings, so that he can give his mind to hunting out and shooting down his enemy. The high speed of modern fighters makes the duel, or the destruction of an enemy, a very much shorter affair than it was. The desperate circling round and round each other in tight climbing turns described by so many fighting pilots in the Great War seems to have disappeared. The sky is fuller now, and help for one or other of the pair would fall like a thunderbolt. Tinker does describe, however, escaping from a number of German machines into a cloud by doing a series of vertical bank turns each time he saw an enemy in the driving mirror on his windscreen. All the serious air-fighting was with German Heinkels and Messerschmitts, over which the Russian versions of American machines had a decided superiority. The Italians did not fight if they could possibly help it, and were held in contempt. Tinker is careful not to give away any weakness of his own side, but reading between the lines it is clear that this individual superiority of the Russian machines and pilots was counterbalanced by overwhelming numbers on the other side.

* * *

Once on the ground Tinker held the enemy planes in far greater respect than he did when in the air—and always raced for the nearest ditch or bomb-proof shelter. Franco's bombing raids, indeed, led to many happy introductions to Spanish girls, and the exploding bombs scarcely interrupted Arkansas songs sung to the guitar. Tinker gives a good picture of the strange crowd which made up the Government Air Force in the early days: American volunteer pilots, Spanish mechanics, Russian organisers and experts, all talking at once in their respective languages. There were strange figures among them: one American boy who had lived in the East and was a fine fighting pilot, trusted by all his companions, turned out to be a spy on the Russians in the pay of Japan. Like so many tough Americans, Tinker becomes capable of introspection and tenderness when describing drinking and girls, but is not good at describing moments of fear. Yet I suppose that like other pilots his knees have sometimes gone out of control after landing, so that he has had to push his legs straight with his hand before he could use rudder, taxying. English writers like Yeates are less reticent about fear. Tinker is very much like one of Elliott Springs' *War Birds*. He went on a typical American spree from a rest camp, and was shot down off a push bike, because he forgot how to work the brakes when challenged by a guard in one of the villages. Luckily the bullet only skirted around his belly muscles. *Some Still Live* is a book everyone interested in Spain, in flying, and in what is coming to us, should read.

* * *

It is a hop, skip and jump back to 1933, the year when Colonel Lindbergh and his wife made a survey of the Atlantic flying routes. *Listen! The Wind*, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (Chatto and Windus, 7*s.* 6*d.*), has not a trace of the violence of Tinker's book. It is indeed almost its exact opposite. For Mrs. Lindbergh is an abnormally sensitive, receptive, intelligent woman. Other people's feelings are what matter to her. She cares about human beings and not really about efficiency at all. Thirty years ago she would have been left behind, to arrange the roses, read a chapter of Jane Austen, give her visitors slices of buttered toast and a cup of China tea. Even to-day one feels she would be more at home in a novel of E. M. Forster, or of Virginia Woolf, than where she finds herself—swept along by the blind and enormous horsepower which tears around with her. Clearly enough she loves flying and is indispensable on her husband's flights, since she is a reserve pilot and a skilled wireless operator. One catches a most delightful impression of her from this book. She is so sensitive, so civilised, that nothing can change her, or corrupt her standard of values. While her husband never stops thinking in terms of power and efficiency, she is always more concerned with the weak, ill, unhappy people who are stumbled upon as the Lindberghs roar round the world, and who are left behind. When I read Mrs. Lindbergh's first book I had just the same feeling, which is a rare one with me, of liking women much better than men. DAVID GARNETT

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BERTRAND RUSSELL'S NEW BOOK

Power. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

It would be churlish in a reviewer who has enjoyed a book as much as I have enjoyed this one not to begin with some acknowledgment of his pleasure. Bertrand Russell's theme is sufficiently depressing, and as one reads of the excesses of dictators, of the crimes that men will perpetrate to obtain power, and the crimes which they use power to perpetrate, one is sensible of a feeling of horrified repulsion not unlike that which attends the reading of the last satire of Gulliver. What a beastly little species we are! The reflection is inescapable. As one reads one's horror mounts, but so, too, does one's delight, a delight which in my case is derived from a manner as agreeable as the matter is disagreeable. Of this agreeableness the source is style and the salt is wit. No living writer has a more distinctive style. It is, indeed, impossible to imagine anything that he writes being written in any other way. If it were written in another way, it would cease to be, just as the building above the Horse Guards Archway would cease to be, if it were rebuilt in Gothic.

It is a classical style, informed by the classical virtues of order, lucidity, balance and brevity. It blossoms quite naturally into wit, not from any dexterity of verbal collocation, but through the power of thought driving to its logical conclusion. Consider, for example, Russell's account of Fichte's philosophy. There is, first, Fichte has announced, the ego which begins by positing itself:

> Although nothing else exists, the ego one day gets a little knock (*ein kleiner Anstoss*), as a result of which it posits the non-ego. It then proceeds to various emanations, not unlike those of Gnostic Theology; but whereas the Gnostics attributed the emanations to God, and thought humbly of themselves, Fichte considers the distinction between God and the ego unnecessary. When the ego has done with metaphysics, it proceeds to posit that the Germans are good and the French are bad, and that it is therefore the duty of the Germans to fight Napoleon. Both the Germans and the French, of course, are only emanations of Fichte, but the Germans are a higher emanation, that is to say, they are nearer to the one ultimate reality, which is Fichte's ego. Alexander and Augustus asserted that they were gods, and compelled others to pretend agreement; Fichte, not being in control of the government, lost his job on a charge of atheism, since he could not well proclaim his own divinity.

The book abounds with similar passages. I have the habit of making a private index on the blank pages which publishers thoughtfully provide at the ends of books. Upon these I note, under its page number, whatever has impressed, delighted or amused. The pages supplied with Bertrand Russell's books are always insufficient for my purpose; I have generally filled them before I have done with the first chapter, and I would hereby like to suggest to his publishers that they come to the assistance of the embarrassed reader by providing an extra supply.

The studied irony which pervades Bertrand Russell's usual manner breaks on occasion into vigorous invective and on occasion rises into a splendid eloquence; I can convey these effects only by examples:

> Men who allow their love of power to give them a distorted view of the world are to be found in every asylum: one man will think he is the Governor of the Bank of England, another will think he is the King, and yet another will think he is God. Highly similar delusions, if expressed by educated men in obscure language, lead to professorships of philosophy; and if expressed by emotional men in eloquent language, lead to dictatorships. *Certified* lunatics are shut up because of their proneness to violence when their pretensions are questioned; the *uncertified* variety are given the control of powerful armies, and can inflict death and disaster upon all sane men within their reach. The success of insanity, in literature, in philosophy, and in politics, is one of the peculiarities of our age, and the successful form of insanity proceeds almost entirely from impulses towards power.
>
> In former days, men sold themselves to the Devil to acquire magical powers. Nowadays they acquire these powers from science, and find themselves compelled to become devils. There is no hope for the world unless power can be tamed, and brought into the service, not of this or that group of fanatical tyrants, but of the whole human race, white and yellow and black, fascist and communist and democrat; for science has made it inevitable that all must live or all must die.

So much for the manner of this great book. Of the matter I must confine myself to giving a bald summary in the hope that the foregoing samples will have proved sufficiently tempting to induce readers to buy it for themselves.

The object of the book is to make "a more adequate analysis of social changes in general than that which has been taught by the economists." The analysis exhibits love of power as "the chief motive producing the changes which social science has to study." Economic power is one form of power which happens to be important at the present time. There are a number of reasons for this. One is that a community which is rich and growing richer offers attractive careers to young people in which their desire for power has a chance of finding an outlet. A community which is growing poorer frustrates the desire for power in vigorous men, who become restless and seek in violence and insecurity a substitute for economic satisfaction. Such communities are to be found in the Europe of our day.

It is not to be supposed that the love of power is necessarily harmful. It is present in all vigorous men, and by right training in childhood, by the practice of an art, or the exercise of specialised skill, it can be diverted into harmless channels. Bertrand Russell believes that "few men are cruel if they have had a wise early education and have not had undue difficulty in finding a career." There are three conditions for the beneficent use of power. First, it must be bound up with purposes other than power; power must not, that is to say, be pursued for its own sake. Secondly, these purposes must be such as will satisfy the desires of others; for example, the purpose of the artist, the inventor, or the research worker. Thirdly, the ends of power, even if good, must not entail means whose badness outweighs their goodness. Herein lies the greatest danger to which the use of power is exposed. Its commonest exemplification is to be found in war. Wars, which are often begun for noble ends by good men passionately convinced that they are right, are finished by cruel or angry men anxious for revenge and the humiliation of a beaten foe.

Force there must be in communities to protect citizens from the ambitions of anti-social men, but it should be exerted by an impartial authority which represents the community's will. Unfortunately, the most important uses of force at the present time are not within, but between States, and between States there is no common authority.

Of the many forms of power, three are outstanding: traditional power, naked power and revolutionary power. Traditional power is based upon custom, common beliefs and the acceptance of common values. Naked power is defined as that which "its

If war comes and Germany wins this is what will happen here . . . .

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subjects respect, because it is power, and not for any other reason." Periods of naked power tend to occur when traditional power is breaking down as a result of the decay of custom and accepted belief in matters of morals and religion. Hence periods of free thought and vigorous criticism tend to promote the coming of naked power; this happened in fifth-century Athens and in Renaissance Italy, and it seems likely to happen in our own time. Bertrand Russell is an individualist who believes that ethical values are embodied in individuals and not in communities, and that the power of the modern State constitutes the greatest threat to individual happiness. A final chapter is accordingly devoted to the discussions of methods of taming power. These are not very hopeful. The seeds of the wrong use of power are laid in early childhood, and the best results are to be looked for from the education of young children. Unfortunately, educators rank only next to politicians in respect of their own love of power.

I have indicated only a few of the matters discussed in this brilliant book, one of the most stimulating, as well as one of the most horrifying, that I have read for some time. The horror is in the subject matter; the stimulus in its treatment.

C. E. M. JOAD

THE ANATOMY OF COMMUNISM

The Communist International. By F. BORKENAU. *Faber and Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Is it a coincidence that the two outstanding historians of contemporary Socialism are dissident Communists? Or can it be that, to attain historical objectivity, one must pass through a period of Marxian orthodoxy and practical Communist politics, and emerge from this experience stripped of everything except the Marxian method? That at least has been the development of Arthur Rosenberg and Dr. Borkenau. Rosenberg, author of *The Birth of the German Republic* and *A History of Bolshevism*, was for a time on the executive of the K.P.D. and Communist member of the Reichstag, while Borkenau was *rapporteur* for the Comintern on the International Labour Movement until 1929. Thanks to the Nazi revolution both of them are now living in this country, and, strangely enough, have become democrats. But while Rosenberg retains the belief of Rosa Luxemburg in the revolutionary potentialities of the proletariat, Borkenau, so far as he retains any fervour, is a Tory democrat with a deep respect for the constitutionalism both of the working classes and of the British bourgeoisie.

Neither of these remarkable men hides the prejudices which he feels. Like the rest of the world they are biased, but they are conscious of this bias as only the thoroughly disillusioned idealist can be. Feeling that the Party to which they devoted themselves has failed in its task, they have achieved a Satanic calm: the cutting edge of their historical analysis, blunted by no practical illusions, dissects the policies of the Left, removes the layers of fat and exposes the organs with merciless precision. No Conservative critic could be so ruthless because no Conservative understands the mood and the philosophy so well. It is as though Lucifer, cast out of Heaven, was writing his reminiscences in the colder quarters of the inferno.

Dr. Borkenau has published four books in English. *Pareto* was a devastating exposure of a highfalutin sociologist who has been canonised by Italian Fascism. In *Austria and After* he summarised the history of Austria in an elucidation of the internal causes of Hitler's triumph, while *Spanish Cockpit* is a brilliant blend of personal observation and social history which is still the best book on the Spanish civil war. Now, in *The Communist International*, he has turned his knife on the organisation for which he worked and dissected the Comintern. It is beside the point to state that Dr. Borkenau's analysis is unfair. Of course it is unfair for the simple reason that well-informed books on this subject can only be written either by orthodox Communists who are still members of the party or by unorthodox Communists who have been expelled. Dr. Borkenau has a thesis and writes history to prove it. He believes that the Bolshevist ideal of a revolutionary organisation, run by full-time professional revolutionaries, is applicable only to countries without political education, and that the Comintern for this reason was bound to be unacceptable to Western working-class organisations. The working classes, in his view, in the west of Europe take naturally to democracy and run their movements on democratic lines: for this reason they will always reject the leadership of doctrinaire Communists with a rigid party line and no respect for "the general will." In the second place he believes that the Third International wrecked its own chances by trying to build up a party leadership of unquestioned "purity" and then blaming the leadership every time a revolution failed to come off. This process led to a series of expulsions on spurious ideological grounds. Instead of Moscow realising that sometimes it had ordered a line of policy which could never achieve success, the orders were always assumed to be correct and the local leadership faulty. Hence the continual purges of honest men and women who had made the best of a hopeless job; and hence the situation in 1929 when the Communist Party leadership in Western Europe consisted largely of "yes-men" without ability, integrity, or sense.

Whether this thesis be merely true or not, Dr. Borkenau has argued it with a wealth of historical detail inaccessible in any other book. The history of Bulgarian, Hungarian and Chinese Communism are here made readable and the characters of the leaders are sketched in hard, clear lines. Britain, France, and America are dealt with more sketchily; but we can pat ourselves on the back, since the British Communist Party earns one of Dr. Borkenau's rare sentences of praise. Apparently our national character has shown a stubborn resistance to the more outrageous commands of Moscow and given the party a more solid working-class basis than it possesses in any other country except France.

Naturally Germany occupies a large part of Dr. Borkenau's attention. Here he is at his most ruthless, and incidentally is obviously extremely well-informed. A gloomy picture of fanatical muddling and party-strife is lightened only by two character sketches; one of Levi, the rich party leader with his exquisite taste in jade, the other of Rosa Luxemburg, the only personality who has ever touched Dr. Borkenau's heart and made him write like an ordinary human being with natural sentiments.

Everything Dr. Borkenau writes is first-class, but *The Third International* is the best book which he has given us. If it makes me feel that its lucidity is too limpid for real life, and that the mist of miracles, which he dispels, is a real fact of history, that merely shows that I remain a practical politician. In real life we must be permitted to feel that the parties we work for are vital and meaningful, even while Dr. Borkenau exposes their futility in his work of historical vivisection. R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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A SERIOUS POEM

Solitude. By V. SACKVILLE-WEST. *Hogarth Press.* 5s.

An aversion from the society in which they live is common to almost all the poets of this century, and they have usually sought asylum, the elder generation in an imaginary past, the younger in an imaginary future. Whether one of these attitudes is fundamentally more realistic and less "escapist" than the other remains uncertain. In any case the weakness of so many of the pre-war poets was not that they preferred to write about cornfields and forests—which are in fact more basic necessities than aeroplanes or gasometers, but that too often their lives were urban, and only their verse bucolic. Miss Sackville-West writes from a more advantageous situation. She has the eyes not of a week-ender, to whom sheep and wheat are elegant ornaments, but of a landowner, to whom they are economic facts. Indeed, one may wonder how many of the poets that plume themselves on their sense of reality know a quarter as much about their high-power cables and turbine-shafts as she does about the hop-harvest and the rotation of crops. Partly for this reason *The Land* has a solidity and resistance achieved by few contemporary poems. If poetry is a matter ultimately of rightly assembling words, intimacy with the subject-matter is an important aid to precision of choice.

In her new long poem, *Solitude*, Miss Sackville-West is concerned not with the country scene but with the reflections that it induces. Among the fields and orchards, beneath the sky whose stars cannot be seen from city streets, the poet watches late into the night, alone. She attains happiness by detachment and proportion, seeing herself as a "brief dweller on a meek mean planet slewed around a middling star." Death she contemplates without alarm:

> This name, this I, this label must be torn,
> Scrapped with the implications that were me;
> This leaf must drop and mix with other mould,
> And stories that were told, again be told.

Remembering past loves with some contempt—"we take a heart, and leave our own intact"—she contemplates the ultimate problems of human destiny, seeking urgently but vainly for truth.

> Deeps I have known, but what brought up from there?
> Nothing so definite as hope or else despair.
> What do I seek from the nocturnal air,
> Stray, liberated captive for an hour?
> Vague intimations of a mind
> Worth just as much, or little, as a flower.

She calls urgently to Heaven:

> God, integrator of this strange concern,
> Give us a sign. Regard, O God, our need.
>
> * * *
>
> O God, such mysteries unresolute
> Exact an explanation. Why invent
> Such thing as man with frivolous intent,
> If this your creature man you would inspire
> To question past his limit and enquire?

There is no response. The "short cut" of submission to the Church is rejected, and the poet resigns herself to a vague pantheism. Thus fortified, she praises sleep and death: her watch is ended.

The scope of *Solitude* commands particular admiration, because entire seriousness has become the rarest of poetic virtues. And by attacking the most important human problem, without timidity or self-consciousness, Miss Sackville-West seems to me to have achieved a very noble work. It is, however, necessary to add that this is hardly in the true sense a philosophical poem. A succession of thoughtful moods is expressed with deep feeling and natural grandeur, but no serious reason is suggested for the poet's belief in God, or for her rejection of traditional religion. Exact ratiocination is not to be looked for in poetry, but here the intellectual foundations of faith and scepticism seem unduly neglected. At one point she cries:

> Would Christ, God's son, deny such fatherhood
> To me mere human, struggling for the good,
> Christian in all but name?

Elsewhere God appears as a "Landlord, far, unseen, unknown, Bound by no laws except, perhaps, his own." Then as a First Cause "Magnificent or detailed, in the skies, Or in the leaf unfolding to the spring." And the final decision seems to be a belief in "God the remote enigma, negligent Of this strange, rolling, bound and slavish ball." These dim intuitions of a capricious or lethargic, and most unpaternal, Deity have nothing specifically in common with the elaborate logic of the Christian *Weltanschauung:* and the poet might with equal justice call herself, "in all but name," a Jew or a Parsee. (She has most in common with the Stoics.) Belief in Someone or Something, somewhere, somehow, is a common and not intrinsically inadmissible position, which is here presented in language of uncommon dignity. To consider the deep religious impulses which are native to man has always been a principal office and privilege of the poet.

In the execution of the poem, Miss Sackville-West tends, in my opinion, too monotonously to make the end of the line coincide with a grammatical pause. (You have to read over 450 lines, I think, before finding a full stop in the middle of a line.) This, of course, is deliberate, but the effect in a long poem is inevitably to impede the current. Moreover, Miss Sackville-West occasionally allows herself to write lines that are difficult to comprehend. Obscurity, one must agree, is a licence in which some of the greatest past writers, as well as some of the most trivial present ones, have freely indulged. But usually it marks, I believe, a failure of the writer to achieve the best expression available. Miss Sackville-West does not often thus disappoint us, but, when she does, the cause appears to be an exaggerated pursuit of concision or a sudden impatience with words, rather than any complexity in the notion she was seeking to convey. The same failing shows itself sometimes in her use of words too obviously dragged in for the sake of the rhyme—notice "to question past his limit and enquire," quoted above, a transparent tautology, or the bathos of "felt" in the following couplet:

> I live, I go; I suffered and I felt;
> Perceived, enjoyed, questioned and sometimes knelt.

Valéry says somewhere that the gods graciously give the poet gratis the first verse, it is for him to fashion the second, and all the resources of experience hardly suffice to make this worthy of the verse that was a gift. Ideally, I suggest, the reader should not know which verse was given, and which was painfully achieved: but several times in this poem all the resources of experience have assuredly not been employed to conceal the difference.

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Must we say good-bye

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Such blemishes can be considered unimportant, and they are characteristic of most contemporary poets. The declension of craftsmanship, whether in the making of chairs or verses, seems to be removing from the maker of these one of his principal satisfactions. Genius is thought to go with an infinite incapacity for taking pains, and one rarely comes across a new poem, unless it be by Mr. Yeats or Mr. Eliot, that could not, one feels, be improved by further polishing. Probably the young poet feels that he has so many and so important things to contribute to the remaking of society that the Horatian pursuit of perfection would be culpable dilettantism. But the author of an untopical poem like *Solitude* can be under no such illusion. Moreover, her memory is obviously soaked in the careful works of the great past poets—I caught faint echoes, for instance, of famous lines from Landor, Tennyson and Arnold. She is actually a more conscientious craftsman than most of her contemporaries, which is one reason why I prefer her work. But it seems a pity that she did not take the prodigious trouble necessary to make a very good poem just a little better.

Having said all that I can against *Solitude*, I must applaud not only the scope of the poem, but the imagery and diction. There are passages of splendid and sustained eloquence, and very frequent flashes of the poetic imagination. The tropes, whether taken from the Kentish wheelwright's shop or the empty spaces of the Orient, have the authenticity of things seen.

> How lovely is the desert after rain,
> Vanquished by fragile flowers between the flints.

Such a picture springs not from fancy but from experience.

I had marked a number of passages to quote, among which it is difficult to choose. Here are two of them :

> Life I do love, and still in pain protest
> I grasped it whole with no protective glove ;
> I loved it with its tigers and its lions ;
> Not as the thrush that with her mottled breast
> Scoops for her mottled eggs a cosy nest,
> But like a thousand fiery-bound Ixions
> Wheeled the extravagant measure of my love.
> As cats who run the leopard in their veins
> I ran the love of life, sagacious, wild,
> A freshet from the source, a stumbling child,
> An old man near the grave, an ardent boy
> Shaking the noisy shackles of his chains,
> Yet saw myself for what I was,—a toy.
>
> I take these verses to the bluebell wood
> And smell the sweetened air and find it good
> As God's intention in his Genesis.
> I take these verses out into a boat,
> On a lake, on a moat,
> Drifting on night-dark waters far removed
> From all the mundane hindrances we dread,
> Far from the tragic dead
> Young men of women born, by women loved.
> I take this verse and wonder as I float
> On quiet waters, why, with this alloy
> Of beauty mixed with treason
> God should invent, create, and then destroy,
> And blast us with the irony of reason.

A reader of poetry would have to be very narrow in taste, I think, if he felt no eagerness to read a poem of which these extracts were characteristic.

Among the disasters of our time has been the increase in the effort demanded for the apprehension of art and science. Any educated man could follow the hypotheses of Darwin or the poetry of Wordsworth—to appreciate Einstein or even Eliot requires a considerable degree of specialised preparation. The scientists cannot help themselves, but luckily some of the most gifted poets are beginning to meet the public half way, the authors of *The Waste Land* and of *The Orators*, for instance, busying themselves with plays addressed to ordinary audiences. It is grotesque to maintain that if a poem is difficult, it cannot be good ; but most of the best poetry has in fact been fairly accessible. One of the conspicuous merits of *Solitude* is that it must appeal eminently to the Common Reader : he will find expressed in it with dignity and passion many of his own inarticulate questionings, and if not an answer, at least a noble consolation such as hardly another living poet seeks to provide. I do not suggest that Miss Sackville-West is a poet comparable in stature to Matthew Arnold, but she shares his integrity and grave preoccupations, and she, too, has a voice that sings.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

YESTERDAY IN JERUSALEM

A Palestine Diary. By LT.-COL. F. H. KISCH. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

During the present closing stages of the Arab rising in Palestine, which was for so long given inexplicable latitude by British policy, a number of books clarifying the Zionist position in Palestine have appeared. The Palestine Jews are shown in these as unexpectedly successful farmers, builders and soldiers. It is as politicians, above all in their treatment of the Palestine Arabs, that they were short-sighted.

Here is the untouched day-to-day Diary of a Zionist liaison officer in Palestine, with a foreword by Mr. Lloyd George (one of the godfathers of Jewish Palestine), which reveals more than the author perhaps intended. Lt.-Col. F. H. Kisch, a member of a distinguished Anglo-Jewish family, himself a young British staff officer with an exceptionally brilliant war record, was in 1922 asked by Dr. Weizman to abandon his promising War Office career and to take over the Chairmanship of the Jerusalem Zionist Executive. As Colonel Kisch relates, the offer came to him "out of the blue," but drawn by Jewish idealism he accepted the call to Palestine, and for eight years, from 1923 to 1931, he tried to hold an uneasy balance between East European Jews and British officials and Arab nationalists.

Published seven years ago, the Diary would undoubtedly have been of greater interest. To-day, much of its subject matter is remote, and it could have done with shortening. Colonel Kisch's sympathetic and rather simple account moves at a leisurely pace from day to day, revealing the author at once as a Zionist idealist and as a well-meaning British staff liaison officer, with the typical virtues and limitations of a British military background. Occasionally the account is a little too ingenuous—or were those long ago days ingenuous ? "Jimmy Rothschild"—in the 1930 Palestine Parliamentary Debate—"held both the attention and respect of the House by the obvious depth of his sincerity. His citation from Ramsay MacDonald's *A Socialist in Palestine* was most effective."

Colonel Kisch attempts no character analysis, and we only catch glimpses of the leading figures in Palestine, Weizman, Deedes, Samuel, Chancellor, a visitor like Lord Beaverbrook refusing typically even to see a Jewish settlement, a few enlightened sympathetic young Arabs like Hassan Sidky Dajani, "a young man of considerable talents, speaking English, French and German fluently," who was two weeks ago assassinated by the Mufti's gunmen for negotiating with Zionists—a lesson to those who so glibly ask the Palestine Jews to-day to accept the Mufti as overlord.

But the interesting part of the Diary deals with Colonel Kisch's official efforts to found a common Jewish-Arab platform, and here his unquestionably reliable testimony only confirms the three main aspects of the Palestine problem which are clear by now.

(1) Certain anti-Zionist British circles strongly entrenched in the Palestine administration were from the first steadily working for the liquidation of Zionism, which they considered a bad imperial mistake in the Middle East. The sabotage began with the appointment of the most extreme Arab nationalist as Mufti of Jerusalem, and continued with the strange and inexplicable latitude given him for fifteen years to create fanatical race hatred (long before the Palestine Arabs were really aware of it) by religious incitement, to intimidate all moderate Arabs, who vainly looked to the British Government for protection, and so work up, when the opportunity came, to the present explosion.

(2) If no British aid was given during the decisive first ten years to any Jewish effort at understanding with moderate Arab opinion, the main fault lay with the first Jewish High Commissioner, Sir Herbert—now Lord—Samuel, who, exaggeratedly conscious of his double rôle as Jew and British official, was swayed by openly anti-Zionist officials and consistently supported Arab extremists. Colonel Kisch, quoting men like Wyndham Deedes, Clayton and Cust, does not conceal his view of Herbert Samuel's disastrous weakness. As Archer Cust, Samuel's A.D.C., said already in 1923 :

> Speaking of the High Commissioner, Cust said that H. E. had achieved what only a Jew could have done, namely the reduction of Jewish ambition and enthusiasm in Palestine to a moderate level. Now the Arabs needed similar treatment, but no Jewish High Commissioner could apply the remedy to them. Therefore he thought it was time for an experienced Eastern administrator like Lord Ronaldshay to take over the post. Under such a man, he said, the Moslem-Christian Association would not last two months.

But alas ! no such man was found, and Herbert Samuel remained to practise his fatal neutrality between friends and enemies for

Goss calling!

Last February we printed a bright little verse on the subject of Goss Tailoring, which came to us shrouded in anonymity. Here is another, from the same mysterious source.

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We leave those readers who will to work out the subtleties of our unknown contributor. We found his (or should it be her?) effort very amusing, but space, at so many guineas a column, is a medium for discussion which we can only afford when keeping to our sordidly commercial subject—Goss Tailoring.

This is one of our busy periods of the year. Men need warmer suits, new dress clothes and overcoats. Just now we have an almost inexhaustible range of attractive and distinctive tweeds and every other kind of material suitable to the season. Our overcoat range has never been wider or more interesting, and here we must add a warning note. If you have any idea of buying a ready-made for the first time, all we will say is that you may be lucky in finding a coat that fits you and is your own choice in materials. If you come to Goss there is no question of luck about it. You get your own choice of materials, and you are guaranteed a perfect, individual cut and fit.

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another two years, by which time his yielding had already increased the difficulties of joint Jewish-Arab action a hundredfold.

(3) Under these adverse conditions, the Zionists needed to be brilliant politicians, to put their best men and utmost efforts forward to achieve understanding at least with some Arab groups—and exactly the opposite was the case. Colonel Kisch's Diary shows clearly how his own limited liaison activities, which he bravely never relaxed once he had made his early choice in 1923 (and he himself, without effort, emerges as one of the most honest and likeable characters of the Palestine scene), were never more than a by-product of the main Zionist impulse of migration, colonisation and building in which the overwhelming mass of the Zionists were completely absorbed. In fact, the Arab people, as opposed to a few leaders, hardly appears in the Diary. This Zionist mistake in the messianic Palestine atmosphere was very human, but fatal none the less. The vital reconstruction of Jewish-Arab relations now recognised by growing Jewish circles to be essential, will be much harder, and must demand painful effort at understanding from both sides.

T. R. FEIWEL

NEW NOVELS

The Professor. By REX WARNER. *Boriswood.* 7s. 6d.
A Child of Our Time. By ODON VON HORVATH. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.
The House. By WILLIAM MCELWEE. *Bles.* 5s.

Judged by popular standards, these three books are not novels at all, for they belong to neither of the great groups that embrace the major part of contemporary fiction. So far have we progressed, indeed, that blurbs proclaim what critics used to condemn, and to say that an author "follows the varied fortunes of a dozen families through four generations, and peoples his vast canvas with thousands of characters to build up an impressive panorama of nineteenth-century San Francisco" is to give him the highest commendation. Equally, to describe a book as "a brilliant merging of memories and half-conscious thoughts of a single day into a characterisation of rare beauty" has but recently ceased to be a facetious insult. Both the painters of panoramas and those writers who seek sublimity in the microscopic examination of the ridiculous abandon purpose and plot and usually bring nothing in exchange. The lyric and the loose-limbed epic (together with an occasional tract) appear to be driving thought and narrative into a common oblivion.

Mr. Warner has written that rare thing, a novel of pure ideas. Connoisseurs of the fantastic who remember his *Wild Goose Chase*, the peculiar adventure story that won comparison with *Gulliver's Travels* and (oddly enough) *The Arabian Nights* will probably find his present book a little disappointing, and look in vain for the luxuriant imagination that created his capitalist Purilia. But for all that, it is a novel in a hundred, and, but for a certain clumsiness in technique, might well have been a novel in ten thousand. *The Professor* is the story of a Liberal faced with Fascism (though both terms are used in a far broader sense than their cant significance), of a man who "believed, against all the evidence, scholar though he was, not only in the existence but in the efficacy of a power more human, liberal and kindly than an organisation of metal." The Professor himself is a world-famous classical scholar with an international reputation for brilliance and integrity, who, at the eleventh hour, is called to be Chancellor of his crumbling demoplutocracy, menaced within by a Fascist party, and without by a great Power mobilising beyond the frontiers. The country is never named; it was Austria yesterday, Czechoslovakia to-day, and may well be England to-morrow. The Professor takes office gladly, encouraged by historical precedents for the triumph of the weak, and confident in the power of reason if it can get an audience. As it happens, the twelfth hour has already struck when he becomes Chancellor, and no possible effort could have saved the situation. But Mr. Warner's theme is not an individual failure in particular circumstances, but the inevitable helplessness of reason against the will to power; his first premise is that man is not a political animal but a stoat or a tiger. In form, *The Professor* is a series of Socratic monologues. A synopsis would show plenty of plot, ranging from murders, rapes and flights in disguise, to the final tortures and death "while attempting to escape," but much of the action is heard in the reports of messengers, and some, I suspect, is inserted merely as a sop to the less intellectual reader. Mr. Warner is concerned less with events than with the ideas behind them, and through the mouths of a number of highly talkative dummies he argues out the cases for the mind, the flesh and the devil. About it all there is an air of calculated unreality. For all their fluent subtlety the characters are basically simple, and express their views with the undissimulating clarity of a clever child. Some of them, the Gas-Mask salesman, the Trade Union leader, and the mysterious Communist policeman with his silent ubiquity and marvellous disguises, have the convincing improbability of Hans Andersen; in none of them are there those contradictions of character that distinguish life from legend. *The Professor*, in fact, is a philosophic fairy story.

Such a book must be measured by its own standards, and not those of an ordinary novel. The most important criticism is the limited number of attitudes it describes. Intellectual Liberalism and equally intellectual philistinism are brilliantly argued, but their various modifications—enlightened self-interest, for example, —are neglected. Communism, in so far as it is distinct from emergency democracy, is strangely ignored, and leaves a serious gap in the ranks of opposing theories; the muddled compromises that rule popular thought and create new beliefs out of old are not mentioned at all. Mr. Warner has an admirably lucid style, and blossoms at times into almost Tacitean periods. Admirable also are his sudden flashes of action, equally effective for their terseness and their rarity. *The Professor* is by no means a masterpiece; it is narrow in approach and priggishly restricted to a very limited circle. But it is in a different, and to my mind superior, category from most novels by having the courage to lecture instead of photograph. However small the pearl, it seems a fortune after acres of empty oysters.

Herr von Horvath was one of the most distinguished young writers of post-war Germany. To some extent his work was a product of the times—to remain objective and yet escape the prevailing mood of sordid "realism" must have been remarkably difficult under the Weimar Republic—yet one feels that what in some was merely fashion, in him was sincerity, and that in any society the macabre desperation of his mind would have been substantially unchanged. In the June of this year he was killed by a falling tree in the Champs Elysées; he was thirty-five years old. The present volume consists of *Youth Without God* and *A Child of*

VIVISECTION

"Is it better to let a man suffer an obscure disease than to sacrifice a guinea-pig? Obviously, no. Then, the principle once established, where are we to draw the line?"

These two questions were asked by Miss V. Sackville-West in the "New Statesman" three weeks ago. We would answer them as follows:—

If the "sacrificing" of the guinea-pig entails—as in reality it often will—the infliction on that creature of severe suffering, then this, in its measure, is a heartless and degrading act. And, the principle once established, it is impossible to say where the line is to be drawn, and we are committed to limitless cruelty—injurious not only to the animal victims, but far more so to all who practice and tolerate it.

But has it occurred to the contributors of "Country Notes" that if the scientists were forbidden to vivisect, they would be impelled to discover other and less reprehensible methods of forwarding medical science?

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Our Time, two novels that, separate in plot, are related in mood and implication. *Youth Without God* is superficially the story of a schoolmaster in a dictatorial State, hated and spied on by his pupils, whose stupidest mistakes may be justified by wireless propaganda, himself despising the blind authority that rules him, but seeing no alternative to it. His world is moving into the Age of the Fish where scorn is the only relief from stupidity, and love and understanding are frozen to death. At the school camp one of the boys is murdered by another, and a third wrongly accused of the crime. Before the true culprit is discovered and commits suicide, the master loses his job for telling the truth, and goes to Africa to teach the other underdogs; "the Nigger is going to the Niggers." This is an outline of the plot, but it serves as a background rather than the centre of the novel. The idea is of a man caught in another world; the master surrounded by his respectful, contemptuous pupils, with their cold eyes and fish-like uniformity moves in a dream of hell. Between young and old is an unbridgeable gulf, the pupils belong to a different species. *A Child of Our Time* is the same concept expressed from a slightly different angle. This time the hero is a soldier, a simple victim of propaganda, proud of his uniform, happy under discipline, contemptuous of the feeble enemy who scuttle hopelessly from the bombs of the brave airmen. A wound ends his career in the army and he gradually realises that "good and evil were laid to the individual's account: no Fatherland could intercede between heaven and hell." But here, too, the theme is not as simple as the plot, and the soldier's disillusionment is a symbol of the Age of Ice.

It is extraordinarily difficult to describe in a review the distinctive qualities of Herr von Horvath's work. Certain obvious comparisons present themselves—a combination of Fritz Lang and the inevitable Kafka, with just a touch of Tchekov, gives an idea of his manner if not of the thought behind it. Crudely, he believed that Evil had become incarnate in the middle class and was crushing the upper and lower out of humanity. The State he regarded as an expression of this evil force: he seems not to have contemplated anything but surrender or escape. His style is impressionist, and in staccato short paragraphs and unexpected half-epigrams builds up a tension that cannot be isolated in the short quotation; it is the special merit of these novels that they must be read to be wholly understood. Mr. R. Wills Thomas has done a spirited and accurate translation.

The House is a sensitive and unusual novel. A tramp finds his way to an empty house and stays there for a fortnight while the family are on holiday. Looking through some papers he chances on a series of manuscript sonnets, and find they express all the frustration of his own life, and yet give him new hope for the future. These sonnets, twenty-five in number, are quoted in full, and the latter part of the book is little else than poetry with a running commentary. It seems fairest to the author to quote one of his poems chosen at random:

No sudden fearful moment I remember
  When death and I first took our way together
I only knew my May had turned December
  And all my spring perished in winter weather
But blighted hopes their consolation bring,
  A lethargy that stifles all complaint;
The vaunting hopes and hot desires of spring
  In dying winter wither and grow faint.
The arguments of death compel compliance
  And hollow rings my boastful, mocking laugh—
The futile, desperate refuge of defiance,
  Whose only medium is an epitaph:
    Here lies a statesman, dramatist and poet;
    But thanks to death the world will never know it.

Decide for yourself.

JOHN MAIR

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EGO ON PARADE

Ego 3. By JAMES AGATE. *Harrap.* 18*s.*

I shouldn't be reviewing this book at all. The fact that I decidedly enjoy Mr. Agate, that I am amused at him and entertained by him, is no qualification. I am an outsider, and to review Mr. Agate one must belong to the James Club. Everyone who reviews Mr. Agate's books is a member of the James Club. You have noticed? Miss Rebecca West proposes marriage through the columns of the *Sunday Times*; someone in the *News Chronicle* lets us into secrets about visits to Southend and James's favourite line of poetry; there are shouts, as his autobiography unrolls, of "Goncourt!" here, "Pepys!" and "Rousseau!" there; and in this hubbub of conviviality—with yet more reviewers dashing up like waiters—it is very difficult for me, the uninvited, to know where to begin. For I should have to think up jokes to meet Mr. Agate's jokes ("Agatist" as a title for this review?); *his* story about Mrs. Pat and the taxi-driver (or whatever it is) would have to be capped by mine about M. Blum and the camel. I should have to pepper my review with references to Mr. Tappertit, horse-flesh and Friday nights at the Savage; with sentences like "Was this the face that launched a thousand words at midnight—as Marlowe nearly said"; with (and this would be rather important) a glance back at Benjamin Haydon or Saint-Simon, to fill in the picture. Then, indeed, how Mr. Agate would beam, how the publishers would beam, and my review would go into the next number of *Ego*. There is so much fun to be had here that I hate missing it. But I am not a Jamesian; Agate, for me, is just Agate.

That is to say, a damned good journalist. Even on off days, when he is reduced to copying out Balzac or kicks a joke like an expiring bladder up and down his column, things are somehow kept going. The reader feels "This is Agate," shrugs his shoulders, grins, warms himself to the sound of champagne corks being drawn from empty bottles. However the article may have gone to pieces, the personality remains. And that's the point: how much does this personality, this Ego, now three storeys high, amount to? What sort of a skyscraper will Mr. Agate make of it? Forget his absurd vanity, the subject of much nervous joking; he is not a Goncourt, he is not a Pepys, and knows it. But the two names come together, Goncourt *and* Pepys, and that attracts. In literature dandies and hearties walk on opposite sides of the street; Dickens never crosses over to greet Pater; George Moore keeps to the shade. Others—relatively few—pursue a more zig-zag course, linking both throngs, and among these Mr. Agate would delightedly class himself. A catalogue of his tastes would divide into two: on the one hand, ponies, golf, champagne suppers, joking, being seen; on the other, Sibelius, unknown painters, wit, good acting and paper games ("now tell me your ten favourite musicians"). The balance is rather self-consciously preserved. On the one hand journalism, on the other, literature. He practises both; how do they square? Well, he has managed to lift his autobiography out of journalism, or to make it exceedingly good journalism, however you happen to look at it; and on that level he scores a success. There's no doubt of the readability of *Ego*, its glitter, its sense, its thumping good humour. George Grossmith, I should have said, rather than the Goncourts, was his predecessor there. But he is not content with journalistic success, and all the bounce and publicity that means. He wants to blaze at the moment certainly, but he would like also to hoist a quiet light for posterity. So from this showmanship he distils an ego—odd, festal, apprehensive, boasting, intimate along carefully explored paths. Despite its appearance of frank revelation, *Ego* 3, like the others, is an extremely cautious book. It has that "little bit more" which makes every good autobiography, but much—too much, perhaps—has been sacrificed for immediate effect. He would *like* to have the Goncourts' assurance and talent—*dans un filon d'Agate le profil d'Apollon;* and Pepys no doubt seems to

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ADELPHI. Bobby Get Your Gun. Thur., Sat.

ALDWYCH. They Fly By Twilight. W.S. 2.30.

AMBASSADORS. Spring Meeting Wed., Fri.

COLISEUM. Varieties. Sats.

COMEDY. Room for Two. Tu., Fri.

GLOBE. Robert's Wife Wed. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. Fleet's Lit Up. Th. & Sat.

LYRIC. The Flashing Stream. Wed. & Thurs.

MERCURY. Shaw & Soviet Comedy. Sat.

OLD VIC. Hamlet. Thur., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Dear Octopus. Wed. & Sat.

S. MARTIN'S. When We are Married. Tu., Fr.

SAVOY. Lot's Wife. Mon., Sat.

SHAFT'BURY. Good-bye, Mr. Chips. W., S.

VAUDEVILLE. Goodness, How Sad! Tu., S.

WESTMINSTER. Dangerous Corner. W., S.

WYNDHAM'S. Quiet Wedding. Wed., Sat.

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2*d.* 'bus from Piccadilly. (Terminus 1672.) 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*

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Tues., Nov. 1st. 8.30. BALLET—LE LAC DES CYGNES Act. II, HARLEQUIN IN THE STREET (Couperin). (First Performance) CHECKMATE
Wed. Nov. 2nd. 7.45. TANNHAUSER (Wagner).
Thurs., Nov. 3rd. 8.30. BALLET—THE WEDDING BOUQUET, NOCTURNE, LES PATINEURS.
Fri., Nov. 4th. 7.45. AIDA.
Sat., Nov. 5th. 2.30. FAUST with Full Ballet.
Sat., Nov. 5th. 7.45. TANNHAUSER.

THEATRES

ADELPHI. (Tem. 7611.) Evgs., 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES in
BOBBY GET YOUR GUN
GERTRUDE NIESEN. DIANA CHURCHILL.

ALDWYCH. (Tem. 6404). Evgs., 8.30. W. S. 2.30.
RICHARD BIRD in
THEY FLY BY TWILIGHT
by Paul Dornhurst.

AMBASSADORS. Tem. 1171. EVGS., 8.30.
Mats., Wednesdays & Fridays, 2.30
SPRING MEETING
A Light Comedy by M. J. Farrell and John Perry.

COMEDY. Whi. 2578. Evgs., 8.30. Tu., Fri., 2.30.
ELSIE RANDOLPH, HENRY KENDALL and HUGH WAKEFIELD in
ROOM FOR TWO

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE, EMLYN WILLIAMS in
THE CORN IS GREEN
A Comedy
by EMLYN WILLIAMS.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS., 8.30 sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30 sharp.
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By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30.
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Costumes and settings by Roger Furse.

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NORA SWINBURNE. J. H. ROBERTS.
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HAVE your favourite suit copied exactly in a "John Peel" Cumberland Tweed, £4 17*s.* 6*d.* Fit guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns and particulars post free. REDMAYNE, LTD., 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

UNUSUAL hand-woven carpets from Cyprus, made of Goat's wool and flax, are reversible. Size 12ft. × 9ft.; £7. Send for samples to sole importer: GERALD HOLTOM, 259B Tottenham Court Road, W.1. Museum 5119.

WINTER UNDERWEAR DIRECT FROM MAKERS means DOUBLE SAVINGS this year! Prices of "B-P" Underwear reduced all round—in some cases 2*s.* per garment. Always less than shop prices, because middlemen's profits cut out. All styles and sizes, for Women, Children, Men. Pure Wool, Mixtures, Art Silk. Outsizes a speciality. GUARANTEED in every way.—Send for ILLUS. CATALOGUE AND FREE PATTERNS to Birkett & Phillips Ltd. (Dept. N.S.), Union Road, Nottingham.

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CHARITY

FACTORY GIRLS' COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND. Chairman, Lady Loch. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED for Convalescent Cases now and throughout the Winter. Gifts thankfully acknowledged by the HON. TREASURER, or MISS CANNEY, M.B.E., 36 Red Lion Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

him an odd little squirrel to have won immortality. Hence his delighted trepidation at the mention of those names. Perhaps there's a chance, one way and the other, for Mr. Agate, too?

I can't, I'm afraid, accept him on his own terms as "the unofficial historian of our times"; but despite vanity, sometimes even because of it, he is fun. He collects good stories, he collects friends who collect stories, he makes the theatre seem a more amusing place than it is, he sees the comic side of journalism, he talks, eats, reads, lives greedily. *Ego* 3 is up to standard in all these. For anyone whose tastes include both *The Diary of a Nobody* and Arnold Bennett's *Journals*, I imagine that Mr. Agate would be the perfect writer. He unearths a less fancy personage than the first and he has the good sense without the flatness of the second. We enjoy him, and he enjoys himself—very much, thank you.

G. W. STONIER

The Police Idea. By CHARLES REITH. *Oxford University Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

In England, unlike the countries on the Continent, the centralisation of authority after the feudal era did not bring with it establishment of a standing army capable of fulfilling, if necessary, military police duties. There was, of course, a persistent prejudice against things military. And the effect was seen when, with the development of economic and "ideological" conditions, the traditional ecclesiastical-parish "policing" system—one magistrate and attendant constable—broke under the strain. Mr. Charles Reith has undertaken a most useful piece of research in describing that period in the mid-eighteenth century when lawlessness was rife, and the authorities could devise nothing better than to increase the penalties, with no result. The abuses of that time—paid deputies as parish constables, the institution of "blood money" and, above all, the power of wealthy merchants to exploit "the mob" for their own ends—these are set forth with just the right amount of detail, and the place of Henry Fielding, John Wilkes, Colquhon and the younger Pitt in the slow development of the police idea is clearly indicated. What Pitt dared not do, because of the opposition of aldermen of the City, Robert Peel accomplished. In a preface the author aptly points the moral for the international sphere, where there is the identical, and desperate, need for placing force behind the law: without which it is fantastic to talk of "the rule of law."

The Battle for Peace. By F. ELWYN JONES. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Elwyn Jones has made a thorough investigation of the activities of the Italian and German propaganda ministries in almost every country, and his book provides an authoritative source of information not easily accessible elsewhere. There is no State, however internationally insignificant, that is exempt from Fascist attention. Lichtenstein is menaced by Germany; Albania has "been turned into the advance-post of Italian imperialism in the Balkans"; in France only the militant Popular Front, spurred by success, saved the Republic. Mr. Jones writes as a Marxist. The present-day Nazi imperialism is, he says, simply a continuation of the pre-war drive of German heavy industry. The ideological expression of this economic necessity is to be found in Rosenberg's *Myth of the Twentieth Century*. "A Nordic Europe is the solution . . . together with a German *Mitteleuropa*—Germany as a racial and National State from Strasbourg to Memel, from Eipen to Prague and Reisbeck as the central Power of the Continent." Although the picture he draws is depressing, Mr. Jones's Marxism sustains him. There are weaknesses behind the Fascist's lines, and to their technique of aggression he opposes the peace bloc, the Soviet Union, France, Czechoslovakia and Britain. But to attain this "means a root-and-branch change in British policy."

We regret that in our List of Forthcoming Books the following publications of Longmans Green were wrongly attributed to Macmillans:—JOHANNES JORGENSEN: St. Catherine of Siena. JESSE MYERS: Baron Ward and the Dukes of Parma. H. NEWTON WETHERED: The Art of Thackeray. SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE: Prices and Wages in England. R. G. HAWTREY: A Century of Bank Rate. EMMANUEL MOUNIER: Personalist Manifesto. ROY CAMPBELL: Flowering Rifle. STELLA GIBBONS: Lowland Venus. H. BELLOC: The Question and the Answer.

Week-end Competitions

No. 451

Set by G. W. Stonier

Every year the *Tailor and Cutter* sends its representative to criticise the portraits at the Royal Academy. A similar practice might be extended by others to books. We offer the usual prizes for the best criticism (in not more than 250 words) supposed to be written by one of the following: a licensed victualler on *Pickwick Papers*, a member of the Society for Psychical Research on *Peter Pan*, the editor of the *Matrimonial Argus* on Jane Austen's works, an anthropologist on *The Waste Land*, a welfare worker on *Crime and Punishment*, a conjurer on *Faust*, an M.F.H. on *Lady into Fox*.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, November 4th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 449

Set by John Mair

A recent news-item revealed that Mr. Chamberlain is to employ a well-known publicity man to boost the National Government. The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for the best advertising copy on these lines; it is suggested that the technique of Horlicks, White Horse, or Austin Reeds (narrative style) might prove both appropriate and effective.

Report by John Mair

There was a very heavy entry for this competition; THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers clearly study the latest Horlicks with the enthusiasm their parents reserved for a new Moore or Flecker. Night Starvation was the commonest theme, and poor Mr. Bull was variously advised to read the *Times* (7), stand for Parliament (5) and join the Non-Intervention Committee and see the Raw Materials of the World. There were some nice Austin Reed's; I enjoyed a'Henry's:

HOW LONG IS THE PEACE?

Whether you think safety lies with big guns, little guns or no guns at all, a scrutiny of our non-intervention department will convince you that we sell goods belonging to all parts of the world. Just a part of the National Government Service.

Beers and Spirits incited many entries, including Denis B. Grundy's Munchner is Marvellous, and A. K's.:

Some people call me fussy; I'd rather say discriminating. I'd sooner have twelve hundred a year at a sound five per cent. than a cool ten thousand by nationalising the railways . . .

John Dunbar was the only competitor to attempt Black Magic:

. . . a divine week-end. Neville, of course, *would* fish in Troubled Water, but the thoughtful darling left me a box of those gorgeous Brown Munchen, the ones with the *suspicious* centres. Tell Nancy . . .

Of the rest, I particularly liked Child, Yorick and Redling. After a short hesitation I give the first prize to L. W. Bailey for his Sagittarian slickness, and the second to H. A. Lawrence for his brilliant United Front of all our hypochondrias.

FIRST PRIZE

FROM RADIO LUXEMBOURG

Hullo, everybody. This is the Chamberlain Peace-time Hour.

*If you stroll down Downing Street
Where the Big Four always meet,
You can see us all
Having a Peace-time Talk.
What is Hitler's new request,
Alsace, Prague, or Budapest?
We can give it all
Over our Peace-time Talk.
"Adolf," we say, "that's easy,
Do as you darned well pleasy.
Why don't you make your way there,
Go there—stay there?"
When the bombs begin to fall,
Behind our gas-proof, sound-proof wall,
We shall still be there,
Having a Peace-time Talk.

Perhaps some of our listeners this afternoon have not yet obtained their gas-masks. If so, may we remind you that the only *genuine* gas-mask is the A.R.P. brand, supplied *absolutely free* by Chamberlain and Co. We supply several different sizes, so that you may be sure to obtain one that fits, and in addition we have a special line in respirator-bags for babies and dogs. Remember! Only Chamberlain and Co. can provide you with the gas-mask you need and *ensure* that you have

an opportunity of using it. See that the name "Cliveden" is on every container.

And now for sixty minutes of mirth and melody, commencing with a song by Nancy Astor: "My Field Grey Home in the West" . . .

* Sung to the tune of "The Lambeth Walk."

L. W. BAILEY

SECOND PRIZE

GUARD AGAINST MIGHT STARVATION

When you see the British Navy do you get that Sinking Feeling? When the Army marches by does General Debility make you sick?

YOU NEED CHAMBERLAIN—ENGLAND'S PREMIER SAFEGUARD

CHAMBERLAIN builds up resistance (Ivory Castles) and protects your skin. CHAMBERLAIN cleanses the poor (Scum Clearance) and gives instant relief for Spain.

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Seventy-five million wretched Nazis suffering from lack of raw materials (the commonest cause of Colonial Dissension) applied for CHAMBERLAIN, because they knew that CHAMBERLAIN would make good the deficiency.

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H. A. LAWRENCE

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 304.—THE PRAYING-MATS

"Each of the embroidered praying-mats is so many feet square. And they cost—let me see—two shillings a square foot."

"My dear Mabel, do you mean to tell me that you paid twenty pounds or so for a praying-mat?"

"Oh no, dear; none of them cost as much as that. Let me see, we bought two each; didn't we, Ethel?"

"That's right," said Ethel. "You spent ten pounds more than I did."

"So I did," said Mabel.

"But I got larger mats than you did. Didn't I, Charles?"

"Didn't you what, darling?"

"Get larger mats than Ethel."

"Of course you did. You've just been telling Amy, you spent ten pounds more."

"They needn't both of them have been larger," said little Frank, who had been listening. "If you'd laid out your money differently, Mamma, Ethel's mats would both have been larger than the smaller of yours."

"Quite right," said Charles. "Unless, of course, Ethel had also laid out *her* money differently. There seem to have been all sorts of possibilities."

"That's right," said Mabel. "Coming along to see the praying-mats, Amy?"

What size mats had Mabel and Ethel bought?

PROBLEM 302.—MIRANDA TURNS THE TABLES

Solution by R. W. Radford

Let M, E, L, D, S, be the ages of Miranda, Eva, Lucinda, Dorothea, and Stella, respectively. Then we have the equations:

$$M + E + L + D + S = 5M \quad (a)$$
$$M + (3M - S) + D + (3M - S) = 5M \quad (b)$$
$$E + (3M - S) = 3E \quad (c)$$
$$L + (3M - S) = 2S + 1 \quad (d)$$

(c) gives $2E = 3M - S$

(d) gives $L = 3S - 3M + 1$

(b) gives $D = 2S - 2M$

So, substituting in (a)

$$2M + 3M - S + 6S - 6M + 2 + 4S - 4M + 2S = 10M$$

i.e. $11S + 2 = 15M$

This equation is satisfied by $S = 8$; $M = 6$

$S = 23$; $M = 17$

etc.

Since Miranda has just taken School Certificate, the required solution is that which makes her 17 years old.

Miranda is therefore 17.

PROBLEM 301.—UNCLE PODGER

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: A. D. Skirrow, Gilstead, 4 Queens Road, Sketty, Swansea.

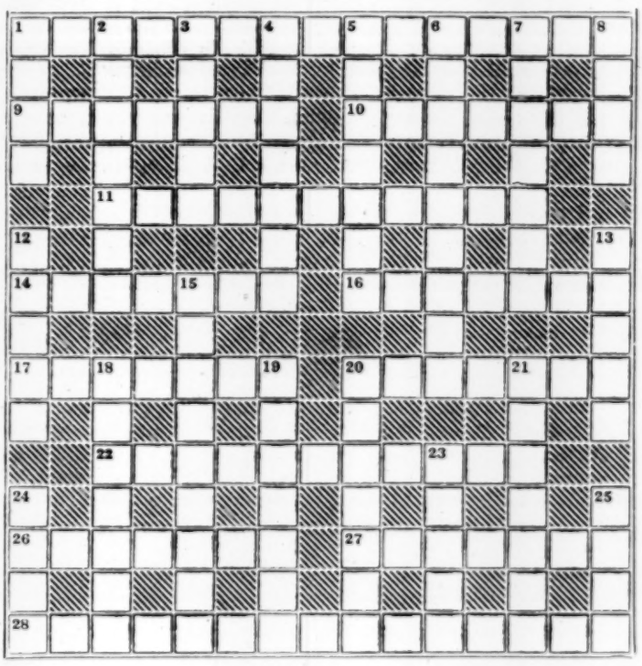
Six points are awarded.

CALIBAN

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 451

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

Fred Parker, 12 Castle Terrace, Berwick-on-Tweed.

ACROSS.

1. Signals for manning the home trenches? (15)
9. The weaver gets it at cross purposes. (7)
10. Manitou in the form of a bird. (7)
11. Might suitably have described the thrones of the Richards. (11)
14. How the British invariably got through. (7)
16. The poet is required, not the philosopher. (7)
17. Difficult get-up. (7)
20. Not much use unless you put them on a bit. (7)
22. At this both players of course need a devilish amount of patience. (11)
26. "The Avenue," by ——. (7)
27. How to put the horse in the stable. (7)
28. Costumier's fittings? (15)

DOWN.

1. How most racehorses run. (4)
2. Not cornered. (7)
3. Act of letting the cat in? (5)
4. Where the river terminates? (7)
5. Presumably they would be more likely than most to draw a horse. (7)
6. I've come back to nurse father. (9)
7. She sees to it that effect follows cause. (7)
8. *Alias* Murphy. (4)
12. Agricultural shift. (5)
13. Sign of bad temper at the poll. (5)
15. Their Statute is dated 1351. (9)
18. Hearsay of course must be. (7)
19. Free performances for prisoners. (7)
20. Usually follows the Children's Hour. (7)
21. So repellant an act must have been perpetrated from inside. (7)
23. His hoardings are at any rate not an eyesore. (5)
24. Covered 2 feet at least, and possibly 4. (4)
25. The menfolk lost a thousand in drink. (4).

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

D	E	M	O	D	E	■	■	■	M	A	S	H	E	D
E	■	E	■	E	■	L	■	S	■	I	■	E	■	I
C	A	T	E	R	W	A	U	L	■	M	I	A	S	M
A	■	A	■	A	■	B	■	E	■	L	■	D	■	I
M	U	L	A	T	T	O	■	E	Y	E	S	P	O	T
P	■	■	■	E	■	U	■	P	■	S	■	I	■	Y
■	K	I	D	D	E	R	M	I	N	S	T	E	R	■
■	■	M	■	■	■	M	■	N	■	■	■	C	■	■
■	K	I	T	C	H	E	N	G	A	R	D	E	N	■
I	■	T	■	R	■	E	■	S	■	E	■	■	■	F
C	H	A	R	I	O	T	■	U	N	A	W	A	R	E
I	■	T	■	C	■	I	■	I	■	C	■	L	■	A
C	H	I	N	K	■	N	U	T	S	H	E	L	L	S
L	■	V	■	E	■	G	■	S	■	E	■	I	■	T
E	V	E	N	T	S	■	■	■	A	D	O	N	I	S

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

INVESTMENT POLICY RE-EXAMINED. COMMODITY PRODUCERS'. INDUSTRIAL EQUITIES. LONDON TIN.

In the City one would think life is just the same. The Stock Exchange has resumed its normal business—subdued as befits a normal trade recession—and brokers and clients exchange investment gossip as if the "crisis" were a dream. True, the lower level of the gilt-edged market and the rise in armament and iron and steel shares signify some appreciation of the awful consequences of peace precariously poised upon intensified rearmament. But apart from these surface rufflings of the investment pool, the big fish are swimming about as if nothing had happened. Is it not incredible? Indeed, some of them are beginning to rise to the bait of higher dividend yields on the grounds (*a*) that the decline in share prices is flattening out, (*b*) that in another twelve months the depression in share values will have lasted nearly three years, which is as long as the two previous post-war depressions, and (*c*) that this depression should anyhow be shorter lived if the American recovery keeps up its present pace. If the City had ever been blessed with imagination it would have realised by now that the Munich "peace" closed a chapter in the business life of this country. Let us be realistic. Surely we must now accept the self-evident proposition that Germany, having become the dominant military power in Europe, will go on using her political influence to further her economic ends and her economic influence to further her political ends until the position of the British Empire is thoroughly undermined. If we do not like this prospect we must take immediate and special powers first, to redouble and speed up our rearmament, and secondly to meet this exceptional threat to our export trade. And these special powers imply some enforcement of Nazi methods in our business life.

* * *

Consider the first point of this thesis. How can our rearmament be redoubled and speeded up without a Minister of Supply (peace-time phrase for Minister of Munitions) being appointed with full powers to nationalise industries or trades essential for the rearmament programme? If these industries are nationalised surely the employers must hand over to the Government all profits remaining (*a*) after the payment of existing dividends (the present equity dividends can be safely guaranteed, as were railway dividends in the last war, because they are fortunately not high), and (*b*) after appropriations to reserve to meet the renewal of plant required after the emergency. Why, then, this sudden buying of armament shares? Even if this industry is not nationalised, will not N.D.C. be increased? My own guess is that nationalisation will be forced upon the Government, for Germany's demands are apt to become more unpleasant as weakness is shown by her victims. Now consider the second point. How can the loss of trade to Germany in South-Eastern Europe be met? Dr. Funk can undercut British and all other exporters because German exports are subsidised. It is idle to meet this sort of competition by ordinary commercial methods. New types of export and import companies must be set up under Government auspices on the model of those successfully created for the recent Turkish credits. This implies a measure of Government control over the export and import trades. Business men must revise their old ideas of trading. So must investors.

* * *

I find difficulty, therefore, in accepting the prevailing investment advice to look for a recovery in British industrials next year following upon a sustained recovery in the United States. The adjustments to our external trade are difficult to make. The reorganisation of our internal trade for purposes of greater rearmament implies not only an interference with the armament and allied industries, but also with those trades engaged in the production of luxury goods. There may also be some changes in the location of industries, bringing about a shift of buying power, if some rational scheme is adopted for the decentralisation of London. It is impossible at this stage to see all the investment consequences of this upset to our national economy. Yet I cannot believe that the cyclical recovery, on which America appears to be entering, will necessarily carry British industry and trade out of the depression next year. Therefore I would advise the speculative investor, apart from picking out individual industrial "winners," to confine his attention to the shares of raw material producers operating mainly in the Empire, e.g., the copper producers in Rhodesia, (which I analysed last week), the Central Provinces Manganese Ore Mines in India, the tin producers in Malaya and Nigeria, the lead-zinc mines in Australia and the rubber producers in Malaya and the Dutch East Indies. Here is quite a big field for investment which will pay much better in the long run than our domestic industries.

* * *

The objection to buying tin producers' shares at the present time is the prospect that no alteration in the quota (which is now 45 per cent.) is likely to be made before March, 1939. By the end of the year, however, tin stocks should have fallen to normal levels. In fact, the stock position should then be stronger than at any time in the past three years. With the fall in stocks the price of tin should gradually rise to the level of £230 per ton which is envisaged in the control scheme. If the "buffer" stock scheme had been brought into operation earlier the price would never have remained as low as it did. While I consider there is no hurry to buy tin producers' shares, investors might compromise with the investment trusts such as British Tin and London Tin. These two companies, which come within the "British Metal" group, hold much the same investments, but on the whole I prefer London Tin shares, which are still obtainable around par. In addition to its investment income this company makes "finance" profits and, I believe, had quite a windfall on its old gold holdings in Western Africa. It has been instrumental in the financing of the re-equipment of the Nigerian mines as a result of which the costs of operation in that field have been drastically reduced.

	Present Price	Last Div. %	Est. Div. %	Est. Div. Yield
London Tin 4/- ..	4/-	7	7	£7 0 0%
British Tin 10/- ..	15/9	15	10	£6 7 0%

* * *

What I have written this week answers a question posed by one of my correspondents who believes that war is now more certain than ever. Clearly, he would be better off in these commodity producers' shares than in our domestic industrial equities. But I would not like him to exchange all his gilt-edged stocks for speculative shares. Why not put some money on deposit with a leading building society?

Everybody Hates

to hear of cruelty to children, but if everybody did something to help the N.S.P.C.C. to prevent it there would be far less cruelty than there is. As an Associate, subscribing 5s. a year, your help and interest would be very welcome.

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Women are eligible for both posts, and the Council hopes to be able to appoint a woman to, at least, one of them.

Applications already received in response to the previous advertisement will be considered unless they are specifically withdrawn.

The persons appointed will be required to comply with the conditions of the Federated Superannuation System for Universities, and to commence their duties as from January 1st, 1939.

Applications, together with the names of three referees, should reach the undersigned on or before November 15th, 1938.

STANLEY DUMBELL,
October, 1938. Registrar.

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Applications are invited for the post of District Librarian (male) at Ulverston. Candidates must have passed the Intermediate Examination of the Library Association, or must hold the Certificate for the Diploma of the School of Librarianship. Preference will be given to candidates with experience of County Library routine. The appointment will involve control of the Branch Library at Ulverston and Village Centres in the North Lonsdale area. Salary £200–£15–£275. The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination and to contribute to the County Council's superannuation scheme. Applications, together with copies of three testimonials, should reach the Director of Education, County Offices, Preston, endorsed "Library," not later than Saturday, November 5th.

VICTORIAN COUNCIL FOR SOCIAL TRAINING, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

Applications are invited for the post of Tutor to supervise students' practical work.

Applicants should be University graduates with considerable experience of family case-work, and should not be under twenty-five years of age. The post is vacant in February, 1939. Three years' contract. Salary from £300–£350 (Australian) according to experience, *plus* passage.

Applications, with three references and copies of two recent testimonials, should reach MISS ECKHARD, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2, not later than November 7th, 1938, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

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LIBRARY AND INFORMATION DEPARTMENT. A Junior Library Assistant (male) required. Age 17–20. Preference given to candidates with some library experience who are studying for the Library Association Examinations and who are contemplating Librarianship as a career.

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